

JULIUS THE STREET BOY



By HORATIO ALGER JR.

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"Whew! What a pile!" said Julius. "Ain't I in luck?"

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Julius, the Street Boy

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OR

LIFE IN THE WEST

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

Author of "Ben Bruce," "Bernard Brook's Adventures," "Mark
Mason's Victory," "Tom Temple's Career," "Tony the
Hero," etc., etc.

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PREFACE.

“Julius” will be remembered by many of our readers as having played a prominent part in the story of “Slow and Sure.” Circumstances rendering it desirable for him to leave the city, he goes to the West in one of the companies which are sent out periodically under the auspices of the Children’s Aid Society, an admirable association whose efficient work in redeeming and saving to society the young waifs of the city streets cannot be over-estimated.

I have endeavored, while giving characteristic sketches of Julius and his companions, to show how, in his new surroundings, my young hero parts with the bad habits contracted in his vagabond life, and, inspired by a worthy ambition, labors to acquire a good education, and to qualify himself for a respectable position in society. Though he may have been unusually fortunate in his new home and friends, the result in his case is by no means exceptional. There are hundreds now living at the West, respected and prosperous citizens, who can look back upon a past as dark, and who owe all that they are to the wise and benevolent society already referred to.

It is proper to add, that in the preparation of this volume I am indebted for valuable information to an instructive volume by Charles L. Brace, the devoted secretary of the Children's Aid Society, entitled "The Dangerous Classes of Society." I take pleasure in recommending it to all who feel an interest in street life and its representatives, as equally instructive and entertaining.

JULIUS, THE STREET BOY.

CHAPTER I.

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

"Where are you goin', Julius? Where's yer blackin' box?" asked Patrick Riley.

"I've retired from business," said Julius.

"Did yer rich uncle die, and leave yer a fortune?"

"No, but he's goin' up the river to Sing Sing, for the benefit of his constitushun, and I'm goin' West fer my health."

"Goin' West? You're gassin'."

"No, I ain't, I'm goin' in a few days, along of Mr. O'Connor, and a lot of other chaps."

"Is it far out there?" asked Pat.

"More'n a hundred miles," said Julius, whose ideas of geography and distances were rather vague.

"Yer don't mean ter live out there?"

"Yes, I do, I'm goin' on to a farm, or into a store, and grow up respectable."

"Won't yer miss the city, Julius?"

"Likely I will."

"I don't think I'd like the country," said Pat, reflect-

ively. "New York's a bully place. There's always something goin' on. I say, did you hear of that murder in Center Street last night?"

"No; what was it?"

"A feller stabbed a cop that was trottin' him round to the station house for bein' tight. There's always something to make it lively here. In the country there ain't no murders, nor burglaries, nor nothin'," concluded Pat, rather contemptuously.

"I hope there's theayters," said Julius, thoughtfully. "I like to go when there's a good lively piece."

"Have you been to our theayter yet, Julius?"

"Your theayter?"

"Yes, me and some of the boys have got up a theayter. We do the pieces and actin' ourselves."

"Where is it?" asked Julius, with lively curiosity.

"It's No. 17 Baxter Street, down in the basement. We call it 'The Grand Duke's Oprea House.' We don't have to pay no rent. It's Jim Campara's place, an' he's treasurer, so his father don't charge nothin'."

"How long have you been goin', Pat?"

"Most a month. We play every night."

"Are you doin' well? Do you make money?"

"Tiptop. I say, Julius, yer must come to-night. It's my benefit."

"Do you get all the money that's took in?"

"No, half goes for expenses. I get the rest."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, I play nigger parts, and dance the jigs."

"What do you charge for a ticket?"

"Five cents admission, and eight cents reserved seats."

"That's cheaper'n Tony Pastor's."

"Yes; we can't expect to get so much as Tony, 'cause yer know we ain't purfessional. We're amatoors."

"How much do you get for your valuable services, Pat?" asked Julius, laughing.

"I'll tell yer the way we do. Jim Campara—he's the treasurer—keeps all the stamps till the end of the week, and then it is divided between us. Last week I got three dollars."

"You did! Well, that's pretty good pay."

"Well," said Pat, "there's some expenses. I have to pay for my wardrobe."

"What's that?"

"My stage clo'es. Besides I have to practice dancin' in the daytime. I ain't Pat Riley on the stage."

"What are you, then?"

"My actin' name is 'Miles O'Reilly.' "

"What made you change?"

"Yer see it sounds grander than Pat Riley."

"Who acts besides you?"

"Oh, there's Dan Conroy, Pete Connors, Teddy Sullivan, Jim McGrath, Dick Burke, Jim Gillispie and Campara."

"If I was goin' to stay in the city I'd like to play too," said Julius.

"Maybe you ain't got a genius for it," responded the eminent negro comedian. "Lots of boys wants to come in, but we don't take none if they can't act. There was Billy Burke wanted to come; but we tried him, an' he couldn't play no more'n a stick. We want fellers that'll draw. You come round to-night, an' you'll see what we can do."

"I guess I will. What number did you say?"

"No. 17 Baxter Street. Curtain rises at eight o'clock, prompt."

"I'll be there. What yer goin' to play?"

"'Laughin' Gas' and 'Dick Turpin' is the principal pieces, but the 'Mulligan Guards' is the best. Yer better be on time, for it's my benefit, and my friends will be out in crowds."

Here's Pat's keen eyes detected a gentleman with soiled boots, and he called out, "Shine yer boots, mister?"

"Yes, if you'll be quick about it."

"I'll shine 'em up in half a second, sir."

"Go ahead!"

The gentleman submitted his boots to the professional efforts of Pat, unaware that the young bootblack was the celebrated Miles O'Reilly of the "Grand Duke's Oprea House." Probably he had never visited that famous and fashionable place of amusement, or he would

have recognized the face of one of the most brilliant stars in the galaxy of talent which nightly appeared upon its humble stage.

Julius went on his way, being for a few days a gentleman of leisure. For the benefit of such readers as may not be familiar with the details of his story as told in "Slow and Sure," it is well to record the fact that he had been brought up by Jack Morgan, a thief and burglar, who, for the last four years, had spent half of his time on Blackwell's Island. When at liberty, Julius lived with him. When he was in seclusion, Julius looked out for himself, and, being sharp and shrewd, and accustomed to depend upon his own exertions, managed just as well without his guardian as with him. He had no particular reason to like Jack, who merely gave him the liberty of earning his own living, and frequently borrowed his scanty earnings without thinking it necessary to repay them.

Some weeks before, Jack, with a friend and confederate, Marlowe, formed a plan for entering a house on Madison Avenue, which, they had reason to believe, contained a considerable amount of plate. The owner was absent in Europe and the house was left during his absence under the care of Paul Hoffman and his mother. Paul, whose early history is recorded in "Paul, the Peddler," was the proprietor of a street necktie stand, near the Astor House. He had on one occasion shown kind-

ness to Julius, and the latter was grateful. Learning that Jack and Marlowe proposed to enter the house occupied by Paul, he showed his gratitude by giving the young street merchant an intimation of their intentions. Thus, when the attempt was made, Paul was prepared, and the two burglars walked into a trap. Jack was caught on the spot, but Marlowe for the time escaped. Had he left the city at once, he might have escaped wholly. But he was inflamed with bitter anger against the boy Julius, who, as he rightly judged, had betrayed them, and he was determined to be revenged. Following the boy to Staten Island, he overtook him in a lonely place, and but for timely interference might have murdered him, in which case the present volume would never have been written.

But Julius was reserved for better things. His dangerous enemy was arrested, and being identified as having been concerned in the Madison Avenue robbery, was tried in due form, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in Sing Sing.

I have anticipated matters a little, as at the time the present story opens both he and Jack Morgan were temporarily confined in the Tombs, while awaiting trial.

As for Julius, he was rewarded by a gift of fifty dollars, and, by the advice of his new friends, determined to seek a home in the West, going out under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society. The company of which

he was to be one was to start in a few days. Meanwhile Julius decided to enjoy a rest from his usual labors, having an ample supply of money to meet his small expenses. On the whole, he was pleased with the idea of going West. But, apart from this consideration, he felt that his life would not be safe in the city should Jack Morgan or Marlowe succeed in breaking jail, as they had done more than once before. The boy had good reason to apprehend danger, for he well knew their brutal natures, and their unscrupulousness, and that they would stop at no crime in wreaking vengeance upon him. Once out West, however, he would be out of their reach, and it was not likely that they would follow him out there.

CHAPTER II.

THE "GRAND DUKE'S OPREA HOUSE."

Some minutes before eight, Julius reached the "Grand Duke's Oprea House." It is very eligibly located on Baxter Street not far from the famous Five Points. Perhaps in consequence of the filthy condition of the streets in the immediate neighborhood, visitors are not expected to appear in full dress, and nothing is more common than for the young gentlemen who patronize it to dispense with coat or vest, or both. As for kid gloves, these are not tolerated at the *Oprea* House, and a fellow who indulged in them would be regarded as "puttin' on airs," and probably be hustled out uncereemoniously, as guilty of a gross insult to the rest of the spectators.

The entrance to the Grand Duke theatre is not imposing. In fact, the visitor is obliged to descend a shaky staircase into a cellar about ten feet below the level of the sidewalk.

"It's like goin' down into a coal mine," remarked Julius to Pat Riley, who was acting as his guide

"That's so," said Pat; "but we have jolly fun when we get there."

Reaching the bottom of the flight of steps, Julius found himself confronted by the ticket seller who was looking out of a square hole, over which were marked the prices of admission.

"That's where yer pay," said Pat. "I go in free, coz I'm one of the actors."

"Five cents," said the keeper of the box office.

"There it is," said Julius, who had come provided with the right change.

The treasurer pulled a cord connecting with the door of entrance, and Julius entered.

The *Oprea* House proved to consist of a room twenty feet by thirty, and six and a half feet high. A portion of this was set apart as a stage, in front of which hung a curtain of turkey-red calico, four breadths wide. On one side was a lofty pillar with a scroll, on which was written the ambitious name of this temple of the muses, "Grand Duke's Oprea House." In place of the customary footlights was a kerosene lamp, which with the aid of a concave reflector illuminated the room.

"What do yer think of it, Julius?" asked Pat, with justifiable pride.

"It's bully."

"Ain't it? Do yer see that?"

Pat pointed to a large broadside of brown packing paper, on which was rudely scrawled:

“BENEFIT
OF
MILES O'REILLY,
The Great Nigger Komedian
AND
Jig Dancer.”

“That’s me!” said Pat, with professional pride. “It looks big, don’t it?”

“Yes,” said Julius, admiringly.

“There’s lots of chaps would give all they could make on shines in a week, to hev their names put up there,” said Pat, confidentially.

“I’d like it myself,” said Julius.

“Ef you wos goin’ to stay in the city, I’d learn you some jigs,” said Pat, “and see what you was made of. It isn’t every feller that can make a good jig dancer.”

“How are you, Miles?” said a large boy, slapping Pat on the shoulder. “I guess you’ll have a good house.”

“I hope I will. Dave, this is a friend of mine. He ain’t been to the *Oprea* House before.”

“Glad to see yer,” said David Conroy, with dignified affability. “Hope yer’ll get yer money’s worth.”

To this Julius made a suitable reply.

“Dave is stage manager,” said Pat. “He kin do anything, kin Dave. He painted the sceneries; you’ll see ’em bimeby, and he’s the best actor we’ve got. He’s captain of the Mulligans. There ain’t nothin’ that feller

can't do," concluded Pat, with unmistakable admiration expressed in his tone.

"Where do you get your plays from, Pat?"

"Call me Miles while we are in the *Oprea* House. That's my name here."

"Miles, then."

"Dave fixes 'em up out of plays at the Theatre Comique, and some of the songs we gits from Tony Pastor's. If there was time I'd take you behind the sceneries. But it's most time to begin."

"Miles O'Reilly is wanted," was heard from behind the curtain, and the great comedian left our hero and hurried behind the scenes.

By this time the cellar was nearly full of boys, varying in age from five to twenty, who were crowded together in such near proximity as the limited size of the auditorium rendered imperatively necessary. The front row was close up to the curtain, and here Julius was fortunate enough to secure a place.

The stiffness and reserve which characterize the spectators at other theatres was dispensed with at the free and easy "Grand Duke's *Oprea* House." Cheerful and jocose remarks were interchanged, spiced with genial humor, and occasionally tinged with sarcastic remarks of a personal character. But all was taken in good part. At last, however, the patrons became impatient, and calls were heard, such as, "What yer waitin' fur?" "Hurry

up de overture!" "Have yer gone ter sleep behind there?"

At last the manager responded to the flattering impatience of his patrons. The curtain arose and displayed the orchestra consisting of two musicians, a performer on an accordeon and a bone-player. The overture was made up of pieces skillfully selected by the manager to suit the tastes of the audience. Choice gems from "Norma," "Trovatore," and "Faust" would not have satisfied the fastidious tastes of the Grand Duke's patrons. Instead of these, such choice airs as "Squeeze me, Joe," and "Up in Avenue A," afforded unmistakable pleasure, and the whole closed with "The Campbells Are Coming," which was rendered with spirit and general acceptance.

Next came the comedy, "Laughing Gas," in which the gas is administered to a variety of patients, who are differently affected, one laughing, another dancing, another combative, and so on. The acting was rude, but lively, and the piece was rapturously applauded. In this applause Julius bore his full part. Though he is my hero I have no desire to represent him as more refined or better educated than the majority of his companions. The classic drama or the opera, as brought out at the Academy, would have been far less attractive to him than this rude performance.

He was no less pleased with the next piece, in which

two boys, representing *Tom King* and *Dick Turpin*, appear on the stage with dark lanterns, and attempt the robbery of a house, but become panic-stricken, and exhibit more alarm than the occupants of the house. This, of course, amuses the spectators.

"It 'minds me of Jack and Marlowe," said Julius to his next neighbor, "when they was robbin' the house on Madison Avenue."

"Was you there?" asked the other.

"No, but I knew all about it. I lived with Jack."

"You did!" repeated the other, with something like awe at finding his neighbor to have been intimate with so illustrious a criminal. "How did you like him?"

"Jack wa'n't a bad sort," said Julius, "except when he was sprung. I like him better than Marlowe."

"They was took by the cops, wasn't they?"

"Yes, they was took," said Julius, shortly.

His own agency in the affair he didn't care to mention, chiefly because in the class to which he belonged it was considered a point of honor to make common cause against the cops, that is, against the conviction of those who transgress the laws, and our hero felt that the revelation of his agency in entrapping his associates would not increase his popularity. Nor would he have taken the part he did but for the gratitude he felt to Paul, and the fear that he would suffer harm.

Later in the evening the beneficiary, the great Miles

O'Reilly, appeared in a jig, which was very creditably danced. His appearance was the signal for a noisy ovation; due partly to his general popularity, and partly to his position as the beneficiary of the evening.

"Good for yer, Miles!" expressed the general appreciation of his efforts. Space will not permit us to enlarge on the other features in the programme of the evening. Evidently "The Mulligan Guards" was most popular, being received with tremendous applause. To gratify the curiosity of such of my readers as are not familiar with this celebrated local song, the first verse is here introduced:

"We crave your condescension,
We'll tell you what we know
Of marching in the Mulligan Guard,
From Sligoward below.
Our captain's name was Hussey,
A Tipperary man,
He carried his sword like a Russian duke,
Whenever he took command.

CHORUS.

"We shouldered guns, and marched and marched away,
From Baxter Street we marched to Avenue A;
With drums and fifes how sweetly they did play,
As we marched, marched, marched in the Mulligan Guard."

The effect of the song is heightened by the marching of the Guards, the roll of the drum, and presenting arms, which the young actors went through very creditably.

At the close, Miles was summoned before the curtain, and a speech was called for. As the recipient of the benefit the eminent actor could not very well decline. He presented himself with a low bow, and said:

“Boys, I’m glad to welcome yez here this evening. I don’t care so much for the stamps.” (“Oh, no! course yer don’t!” came in ironical accents from some one in the audience.) “That’s so, Jim Blin, and you know it. I’m glad yez like my dancin’! I won’t say no more, ’cause I ain’t used to makin’ speeches, but, with the kind permission of the manager, I’ll give yez anuther jig, and wish you good-night!”

Here the speaker bowed, the music struck up, and, to the satisfaction of all, the beneficiary repeated his performance. Then there was a rush for the door and in five minutes the “Grand Duke’s Oprea House” was silent and deserted.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE RAILWAY.

As the time approached for his leaving New York, Julius could not help feeling a little regret. The great city had been a harsh stepmother to him. He had suffered often from cold and hunger, during the years that he had been drifting about her streets, an unconsidered waif in the great sea of life. He had received kindness from few, harshness from many. From the age of five he had been forced to earn his own living, with no one to look out for him except a professional thief. He had seen more of the dark than the bright side of life, but he had not been without his enjoyments. Youth is hopeful and can find enjoyment under the most unpropitious circumstances.

So Julius, as he took his last walk through the streets with which he had for years been familiar, felt sorry that he was to leave them the next day, perhaps, for many years. It is true he hoped to do better at the West, but all his present associations were with Broadway, Chatham Street, and the Bowery, and City Hall Park, and his new life would seem strange at first.

But when all preparations had been made and he found himself seated in the cars, dressed in a new suit, with

thirty other boys, under the general charge of Mr. O'Connor, the superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House, he forgot the city, and was exhilarated by the rapid motion of the cars, and the varied panorama through which he was swiftly passing.

"Ain't it bully, Teddy?" said he to one of his city acquaintances who occupied the adjoining seat.

"That's so, Julius. I never rid in the cars before."

"Didn't you?" said Julius, with complacent superiority. "I have."

"Where'd you go?"

"Well, I went to Newark, and one summer I went to Long Branch—that's a big watering place, you know. Both places are in New Jersey. I stayed a week at Long Branch."

"Did you put up at one of the big hotels?"

"Yes, I put up at the Continental Hotel."

"You're gassin'!"

"No, I ain't."

"How much did you pay?"

"I forgot to ask for the bill," said Julius.

"Where'd you sleep?"

"Oh, I slept in a bathing house, on the beach. It belonged to the hotel."

"How'd you like it?"

"Pretty good, only the tide came up so high that it poured into the bathing house, and gave me a wetting."

"Did you get anything to do?"

"I made a few stamps by blackin' boots, but the black-boots in the hotel said he'd bounce me for interferin' with his business. So I thought I'd come back to the city. I didn't mind much, for there wasn't much goin' on in the daytime."

"Do you know how long we'll be travelin'?"

"Mr. O'Connor told me it would take us two days and nights, and perhaps more. He says it's more'n a thousand miles."

"Suppose'n we don't like it, and want to come back?"

"We can't do it without money."

"I haven't got but a dollar."

"I have got forty dollars," said Julius, complacently.

"Where'd you get such a pile?" asked Teddy, who regarded forty dollars as quite a fortune.

"Speculatin' in real estate," answered Julius, who did not care to mention exactly how he came by the money.

"I don't believe you've got so much," said Teddy, who was under the impression that he was being sold.

"I'll show you part of it," said Julius.

He drew out a pocketbook, and displayed five one-dollar bills, and a small amount of fractional currency.

"That's only five dollars."

"Mr. O'Connor's got the rest. He's goin' to give it to the man that I'm to live with to take care of for me.

I'd rather he'd keep it. I might lose it, or spend it foolish."

"Well, you're in luck. I jist wish I had half as much."

"Do you remember Jim Driscoll, that used to sell papers on Nassau Street?"

"Yes, I knew him; where is he?"

"He went West about two years ago. He's doin' well. Got fifty dollars in the savings bank, and a good home besides."

"Who told you?"

"Mr. O'Connor. He had a letter from him."

"Jim can't write, nor read either. When he was sellin' papers in Nassau Street, he used to ask what was the news. Sometimes I told him wrong. Once I told him the President was dead, and he didn't know no better than to believe it. He sold his papers fast, but the last chap got mad and booted him."

"Well, Jim can write now. He's been to school since he was out there."

"He can do more'n I can. I can read easy readin', but I can't write no more'n a lamp-post."

"Nor I," said Julius, "but I mean to learn. I can't read much, either."

"I say, Julius; won't it seem odd if we made money, and come to New York and put up at a big hotel, and get our boots blacked, just like the customers we used to have?"

"That's what I mean to do, Teddy. I've got tired of knockin' round the streets, as I have ever since I was knee high to a toad."

"So have I, Julius. But I expect we'll have to work hard."

"I always did have to work. I'll be willin' to work when I've got a good home, and feel that I'm gettin' along."

The time had come to both of these homeless boys when they had become tired of their vagrant life and Arab-like condition. They had a vague idea of what is meant by respectability, and they began to appreciate its value. They could see that the street life they had been leading must soon terminate, and that it was time to form plans for the future. In a few years they would be men, and lay aside the street employments by which they had gained a scanty and miserable living. When that time came, would they take a respectable place in the ranks of workingmen, or become social outlaws like Jack Morgan and his confederate, Marlowe? Such thoughts had come frequently to Julius of late, and his present state of mind was one of the most encouraging signs of his future good conduct. He was dissatisfied with his past life, and anxious to enter upon a better.

The thirty boys were not all in one car. Mr. O'Connor and the greater part of them were in the car behind.

Julius and the others could find no room there, and had come into this car.

After his conversation with Teddy, Julius began to look out of the window. Inexperienced as a traveler, and knowing very little of the country, he saw much that excited his interest, as they sped onward at the rate of thirty miles an hour. He also, with his usual habit of observation, regarded his fellow-passengers with interest. Directly in front of him sat a stout man, plainly dressed, who had become sleepy, and occasionally indulged in a nod, his newspaper having fallen from his hands upon the floor. He was probably more used to traveling than our hero and cared less for the scenery. Julius gave him a casual look, but without much interest, till at a way station a flashily dressed young man entered, and, looking carefully about him, selected the seat beside the stout man though he had his choice of several. Julius started when he saw him, and looked puzzled. He was sure he had seen him before, at Jack Morgan's room, but there was something unfamiliar in his appearance. Jack's friend had black hair. This man's hair was red. A closer look, however, explained this discrepancy. Underneath the edge of the red he caught sight of a few black hairs, which were not entirely concealed. It was clear that he wore a red wig.

"It is Ned Sanders," said Julius to himself, "and he's got a red wig on. What's he up to, I wonder? I'll watch him."

CHAPTER IV.

JULIUS DETECTS A PICKPOCKET.

Ned Sanders settled himself into his seat, and looked about him. He did not, however, recognize Julius, for, though he had seen him in calling upon Jack Morgan, he had never taken particular notice of his features, probably regarding him as of little importance. Finally Mr. Sanders devoted special attention to the man at his side. As the latter was sleeping, he was not conscious of the close watch of his companion.

Julius noticed it, however, and, being familiar with the character of Sanders, said to himself: "I know what he's up to. He wants to pick his pocket."

From the watch pocket of the stout stranger depended a gold watch chain solid and valuable in appearance, and to it was attached a gold watch.

Sanders took out a newspaper, and held it before him. He appeared to be very much occupied with its contents, but Julius detected a stealthy glance at his companion's waistcoat.

"This is gettin' excitin'," thought Julius. "He won't wait long."

Julius was right. Ned Sanders felt that now was the favorable opportunity to carry out his unlawful pur-

pose, while his neighbor was asleep, as when his nap was over he would more readily detect his intentions.

With his paper still before his face, his hand crept softly to the watch chain, which he gently appropriated, dropping it into his coat pocket. But he was not yet satisfied. He was preparing to relieve the other of his pocketbook also, when Julius thought it was about time to interfere. Rising in his seat, he struck the stout man forcibly on the back. The latter started, and opening his eyes said, "What! Eh, what do you want? Is it morning?"

The pickpocket started also, and looked uneasy, but retained his seat, not suspecting that he had been detected. His uneasiness arose from the fear that his neighbor, on awakening, would immediately miss his watch, which would be awkward and perhaps dangerous for him. He was vexed with Julius, whom he did not yet recognize, for this interference with his plans.

"Can't you let the gentleman alone?" he said angrily. "Why do you disturb him?"

"What's the matter?" said his victim, in his turn, a little irritated. "What do you mean by thumping my back, boy?"

"I wanted to ask you what time it is," said Julius, quietly.

"Well, that's cool," grumbled the stout man. "You

wake me up out of a nap to ask me what time of day it is."

Sanders turned pale when Julius asked this question, for he saw that discovery was imminent. He half arose from his seat, but it occurred to him that that would only fasten suspicion upon him. Moreover the train was going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and, though he might go into another car, he could not escape from the train. He closed his lips tightly, and tried to look calm and indifferent. He had determined to brazen it out.

Notwithstanding his grumbling rejoinder, the stout man felt for his watch. Now it was his turn to start and look dismayed.

"By jove, it's gone!" he ejaculated.

"What's the matter, sir?" asked Julius.

"My watch and chain are gone. Do you know anything about them, boy?"

"I think you had better put that question to the man you're sittin' with."

"What do you mean by that, you young rascal?" demanded Ned Sanders, pale with passion and dismay. "I think, sir, the boy behind you has taken your watch."

"I don't see how he could do that," said the other, regarding him suspiciously. "Can you tell me where my watch is sir?"

"What should I know of your watch? Do you mean to insult me, sir?" blustered the pickpocket.

His manner increased the suspicions of his victim, who recognized, by his appearance and flashy attire, the class to which he belonged. He turned to Julius, and asked, "What made you refer to this gentleman?"

"Because," said Julius bluntly, "I saw him take it. He held up the paper before him, while he loosened your chain. He's got it in his pocket now."

"That is sufficient. Now, sir," he said sternly, "I command you instantly to return my watch and chain."

"I haven't got it. The boy lies," said Sanders, furiously.

By this time, most of the passengers in the car had gathered around the two. Just at this moment, too, the conductor entered.

"What's the matter, gentlemen?" he asked.

"This man has stolen my watch," said the stout man.

"It's a —— lie!" said Sanders.

"Are you willing to show us what you have in your pockets?" said the conductor.

"No, I'm not. I am a New York merchant, and I won't submit to an impertinence."

"Where is your place of business?"

"In Pearl Street," answered Sanders, quite at random.

"Have you one of your business cards with you?"

"I believe so."

He felt in his pocket, and appeared surprised at finding none.

"I believe I have none with me," he admitted. "I generally have some."

"What's your business?"

"I'm in the clothing business?" said Sanders, with some hesitation.

"What is your name?"

"I won't answer any more questions," said the pick-pocket, desperately. "You have insulted me enough, all of you. Just make way, will you? I am going to get out."

The cars had just stopped at a way station.

Sanders attempted to arise, but his victim seized him by the arm.

"You don't leave this car till you have surrendered my watch," he said.

"Let go, or I'll strike you," said Sanders, losing his prudence in his anger.

"You can't get out till you have been searched," said the conductor. "Who is the boy that saw him take the watch?"

"I did," said Julius.

"Where did he put it? Did you notice?"

"In his left breast pocket."

"Show us what you have in that pocket."

Sanders hesitated, and then drew out a handkerchief.

"There, I hope you are satisfied," he said.

Meantime his neighbor, pressing his hand against the pocket on the outside, exclaimed triumphantly:

"He's got the watch. I can feel it."

The thief uttered a profane ejaculation, and made a desperate effort to arise, but three men threw themselves upon him, two holding him down, while the other drew out the watch and chain, and handed them to their owner.

"Now will you let me go?" demanded Sanders, doggedly. He felt that it would do no good to indulge in further protestations of innocence.

"No," said the conductor. "Gentlemen, will you guard him till we reach the next station? Then I will place him in the hands of an officer."

"Boy," said Sanders, turning around, and glaring fiercely at Julius, "I shan't forget you. Some time I'll make you repent what you've done to-day."

"Don't mind him, my lad," said the stout man, elated by the recovery of his property. "You've done exactly right. But how came you to suspect this man?"

"Because I knew him," said Julius.

Here Sanders turned around, and scanned our hero's face sharply.

"That's a lie!" he said.

"It's not a lie, Mr. Ned Sanders," said Julius. "I've seen you more than once."

Again Sanders scanned his features sharply. This time a light dawned upon him.

"I know you now," he said; "you're Jack Morgan's boy."

"I was," said Julius.

"Have you left him?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"Out West."

"Where?"

"I don't know."

"You don't want to tell me."

"No, I don't. I don't care about receiving a visit from you."

"I'll hunt you up, and pay off old debts. I shouldn't be in this scrape but for you," said Sanders, vindictively.

He relapsed into a moody silence, and said nothing more while in the car. At the next station, which was an important place, two officers were summoned, who took him into custody. But he managed to elude their vigilance some hours later and escaped to New York.

CHAPTER V.

JULIUS IS REWARDED.

After the pickpocket had been removed from the car, his intended victim turned in his seat, and addressed Julius.

"Come and sit by me," he said; "I want to speak with you."

Julius readily accepted the invitation.

"My boy," said the stout gentleman, "you have done me a great service."

"I am glad of it," said Julius.

"You must know that this watch and chain, which but for you I should have lost, were bought for me, in Switzerland, by a son who has since died. They are valuable in themselves, but they are five times as valuable to me because they were a last gift from him."

"I am glad Ned didn't get off with 'em," said Julius.

"You seem to know this man," said the other, with some curiosity.

"Oh, yes, sir, I know him like a brick."

The common expression is "like a book"; but that would hardly have implied any close knowledge on the part of Julius, for he knew next to nothing of books.

Probably the phrase he did use was suggested by the other.

"Is he a professional pickpocket?"

"Oh, yes, that's the way he makes a livin'."

"Then how do you come to know him?"

"Oh, he used to come and see Jack."

"Who's Jack?"

"Jack Morgan—the man I used to live with."

"Jack didn't have very respectable friends, then, I should judge."

"Ned and he was pretty thick. They used to do business together."

"Was Jack a pickpocket, also?"

"He didn't do much that way; he was too clumsy. He broke into houses."

"What! was he a burglar?"

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say that you lived with a burglar?" asked the stout gentleman, in surprise.

"Yes," said Julius, unconcerned.

"And did you help him, too?" demanded the other, suspiciously.

"No, I didn't," said Julius. "I didn't like the business. Besides, I didn't want to be sent over to the island. I blacked boots, and such things."

"That is a much better way of getting a living," said his companion, approvingly.

"So I think," said Julius; "but it ain't quite so easy."

"I think you are mistaken. An honest life is the easiest in the end. Where is Jack now?"

"Oh, he's in the Tombs. He was took up for burglary of a house in Madison Avenue. I guess he'll be sent up for five or ten years."

"That won't be very easy, or pleasant."

"No," said Julius. "I'm glad I ain't in Jack's shoes."

"I hope, my lad, you are in no danger of following the example of your evil associates."

"No," said Julius. "I'm goin' to be respectable."

"An excellent determination. How do you happen to be traveling?"

"Oh, I'm goin' out West."

"What made you think of that?"

"Mr. O'Connor—he's the superintendent of the News-boys' Lodging House—was goin' to take some boys out, and get 'em places; and he offered to take me."

"Are all these boys I see in the car going out too?"

"Yes, sir, all of 'em, and there's some more in the car behind."

"Where in the West do you expect to go?"

"I don't know," said Julius. "Is the West a big place?"

"I should say it was," said the other, with a laugh. "It's a very large place."

"Were you ever there?" asked Julius, desiring to hear something about his place of destination.

"I live there—in Wisconsin. Did you ever hear of Wisconsin?"

Julius shook his head.

"I don't know much about any places, except New York and Jersey," he added.

"I live in the city of Milwaukee, in Wisconsin. It is quite a flourishing city."

"Is it as big as New York?"

"Oh, no; we can't show any cities in the West as big as New York. I doubt if we ever shall, though we've some large cities, that are growing fast. Do you think you are likely to come to Milwaukee?"

"I don't know," said Julius. "Mr. O'Connor could tell you."

"Where is he?"

"In the other car. Will I speak to him?"

"Not yet. I've got something more to say to you. I am under an obligation to you."

"What's that?" asked Julius, puzzled.

"I mean that you have done me a favor."

"That's all right," said Julius. "I'm glad of it."

"And in doing so, you have probably made an enemy," added the other.

"You mean Ned Sanders?"

"Yes; I am afraid, if he gets a chance, he will do you an injury."

"I'll be out of his way."

"He might some time see you."

"If he does, and I'm grown up, I won't be afraid of him."

"You seem to be a brave young man."

"I ain't a coward," said Julius, proudly.

"And yet there are some things I hope you will be afraid of."

"What are them?" asked Julius, somewhat puzzled.

"I hope you will be afraid to lie and steal, and do wrong generally."

"I shan't steal," said Julius; "I don't know about lyin', most boys lie sometimes."

"I hope you will be one of the boys that do not lie at all."

"Maybe so," said Julius, dubiously. "A feller can't always be good."

"No, I suppose not. But there is no occasion for lying."

"I'll try not to, but I ain't an angel."

"Angels are scare, as far as my observation goes," said his companion, smiling, "and you appear to have too much human nature about you to be altogether angelic. But there's one thing you can do. You can try to do right."

"I mean to," said Julius, promptly. "I want to grow up respectable."

"If you want to, you probably will. You'll have a better chance at the West than you would in New York."

"If I stayed there, I'd be a bootblack all my life," said Julius. "There ain't no chance for a boy like me to rise. I wouldn't want to be a bootblack," he added reflectively, "when I got to be old and gray-headed."

"No, it wouldn't be an agreeable business for an old man to follow. But I've got off the track."

"Off the track!" repeated Julius, looking out of the window.

"Oh, I didn't mean that. The cars are all right. But I meant to say, that I had got away from what I meant to say. I think I owe you something for your saving me from losing my watch."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Julius.

"To me it is a great deal, and I want to show my sense of the favor. Is there anything in particular you would like?"

"I don't know," said Julius, thoughtfully. "I might like a jack-knife."

"That isn't enough. As I said, I have particular reason to value my watch and chain. Did you ever have a watch yourself?"

"I never got so far along. I couldn't save enough on shines for that."

"Well, it so happens that, in New York, I took a small silver watch and chain in the way of business from a traveler who owed me money. Here it is."

He drew from his pocket a neat, but inexpensive silver watch, with a chain of the same metal.

"What do you think of it?" he said.

"It's tiptop," said Julius admiringly.

"I am glad you like it, for I am going to give it to you."

"Goin' to give me a watch and chain!" repeated Julius, in amazement.

"Yes. Would you like it?"

"It'll make me feel like a swell," said Julius, elated. "Ain't it a beauty, Teddy?" he continued, turning in his seat, and displaying it to his comrade.

"It ain't yours, is it?" asked Teddy, not without a slight feeling of envy.

"Yes, it is. This gentleman says so."

And Julius proudly put the watch in his vest pocket, and attached the chain to one of the button-holes. The donor looked on with a benevolent smile, glad that he had been able to make so acceptable a gift to the boy who had done him such a service.

"Now," he said, smiling, "it will be your turn to look out for pickpockets. They may try to carry off ~~your~~ watch, as they did mine."

"I'd like to see 'em do it," said Julius, confidently. "It'll take a smart pickpocket to hook my watch."

"Well, my young friend," said the other, "as the time may come when I can do you a service, I will give you my card."

"I can't read writin'," admitted Julius, reluctantly, as he took the card, which was printed in script.

"My name is John Taylor, of Milwaukee. Keep the card, and you will soon be able to read it."

Here the paper boy passed through the car, and Mr. Taylor, purchasing a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, was soon immersed in its contents. Finding that the interview was ended, Julius returned to his former seat, and Teddy and he spent some time in admiring it.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEWSBOY'S LETTER.

"I say, Julius, you're in luck," said Teddy.

"I won't be in luck if Marlowe or Ned Sanders gets hold of me."

"They won't find you, away out West."

"Marlowe might. He's a tough customer, Marlowe is. I mind how he looked when he got hold of me at Staten Island. Jack ain't so bad, but Marlowe'd go a thousand miles to get hold of me."

"I wouldn't think of it, Julius."

"I shan't lose no sleep. If he don't break out of jail, I'll be a man before he can get at me."

"Look out of the window, Julius. See them cows harnessed together. What are they doin'?"

"They're ploughin', I expect," said Julius, who, like his companion, took a yoke of oxen for cows.

"They don't go very fast."

"They look as if they was lazy. They're the biggest cows I ever see."

Here Mr. O'Connor came into the car and passed down the aisle, looking to see that none of the boys were missing.

"Well, boys, how are you getting along?" he asked, pleasantly.

"Bully!" "Tiptop!" were heard from the boys on either side.

"What have you got there, Julius?" asked the superintendent, noticing the watch chain.

Julius drew out his watch.

"Where did you get it?" asked Mr. O'Connor, a little suspiciously. "You haven't spent any of your money, have you?"

"No; it was given me," said Julius.

"Given you?"

"By that gentleman."

Mr. Taylor looked up, finding himself referred to.

"Is this the gentleman who has charge of your party?" he asked, turning to Julius.

"Yes, sir. It is Mr. O'Connor."

"Mr. O'Connor, the boy's story is correct. He detected a pickpocket in the act of appropriating my gold watch and chain. As it was of great value, I asked his acceptance of the watch and chain you see."

"I hope you did not ask any reward, Julius," said the superintendent.

"It was entirely my own thought," said Mr. Taylor. "I presume the boy never thought of any compensation."

"No, I didn't," said Julius.

"I am glad you have behaved so well, Julius," said the

superintendent, approvingly. "I am sure you will value your present."

"It's bully," said Julius, enthusiastically.

"Where do you intend to take the boys, Mr. O'Connor?" asked Mr. Taylor.

"I have an invitation from the citizens of Brookville, in Wisconsin, to make my headquarters there. I am told that boys and girls are in demand in that town and vicinity, and that I shall probably be able to find homes for all my party in that neighborhood."

"I think you can. I know Brookville very well. I have a nephew living there. He is a prosperous farmer. By the way, I shouldn't be surprised if he would like a boy. Suppose I give you a note to my young friend here to deliver to him."

"I should be glad to have you do so."

"If Ephraim takes him into his family, he will have an excellent home."

"That is what we desire for all our party."

"Do you generally succeed?"

"Very generally. We seldom receive complaints from the children we have placed. They are treated kindly almost without exception."

"How about the other parties? Do they often prefer complaints of the children?"

"Sometimes, but not often. Considering the training our children have had in the city streets, they conduct

themselves remarkably well in their new homes. Removed from the temptations and privations of the city, their better natures assert themselves, and they behave as well as ordinary children. In fact, I may say that most of the complaints that come to us are of a trivial nature. People forget that our boys are no more perfect than their own, and if now and then they pelt the cows, or leave the turkeys out in the rain, that hardly indicates a depraved heart."

Mr. Taylor smiled.

"I have heard of such things, myself," he said. "I suspect boys are about the same now that they were fifty years ago."

"And will be fifty years hence. Of course, they will always need restraint, and, if they do mischief, they must pay the penalty. Still, if a boy is simply mischievous, I don't think he can be considered a hopeless case."

"I should say not. I used to do some things myself that were not quite exemplary. Of course I was punished and in time I steadied down."

"As you seem to take an interest in our mission," said Mr. O'Connor, "you may feel interested to read a letter* which I received not long since from one of our boys in Indiana. It is characteristic, and will give a

*This letter is a genuine production. It is taken from an extremely interesting work, by Charles L. Brace, on "The Dangerous Classes of New York, and Twenty Years' Work Among Them."

good idea of the improvement which emigration makes in their condition and circumstances."

"I should like very much to read it," said Mr. Taylor.

This was the letter:

"M——, IND., Nov. 24, 1859.

"TO MY FRIEND AND BENEFACTOR: So I take my pen in hand to let you know how I am, and how I am getting along. As far as I can see, I am well satisfied with my place; but I took a general look around, and, as far as I can see, all the boys left in M—— are doing well, especially myself, and I think there is as much fun as in New York, for nuts and apples are all free. I am much obliged to you, Mr. O'Connor, for the paper you sent me. I received it last night, read it last night—something about the Newsboys' Lodging House.

"All the newsboys in New York have a bad name; but we should show ourselves, and show them, that we are no fools; that we can become as respectable as any of their countrymen; for some of you poor boys can do something for your country; for Franklin, Webster, Clay, were poor boys once, and even Commodore V. C. Perry or Math. C. Perry. But even George Law, and Vanderbilt, and Astor—some of the richest men of New York—and Math. and V. C. Perry, were nothing but printers, and in the navy on Lake Erie. And look at Winfield Scott. So now, boys, stand up, and let them see that you have got the real stuff in you. Come out here, and make respectable and honorable men, so they can say, there, that boy was once a newsboy.

"Now, boys, you all know I have tried everything. I have been a newsboy, and when that got slack, you know I have smashed baggage. I have sold nuts, I have peddled. I have worked on the rolling billows up the canal; I was a bootblack; and you know, when I sold

papers I was at the top of the profession. I had a good stand of my own, but I found all would not do. I could not get along, but I am now going ahead. I have a first-rate home, ten dollars a month, and my board; and, I tell you, fellows, that is a great deal more than I could scrape up my best times in New York. We are all on an equality, my boys, out here, so long as we keep ourselves respectable.

"Mr. O'Connor, tell 'Fatty,' or F. John Pettibone, to send me a Christmas number of *Frank Leslie's*, and *Harper's Weekly*, a *Weekly News* or some other pictorials to read, especially the *Newsboys' Pictorial*, if it comes out. No old papers, or else none. If they would get some other boys to get me some books. I want something to read.

"I hope this letter will find you in good health, as it leaves me, Mr. O'Connor. I expect an answer before two weeks—a letter and a paper. Write to me all about the lodging house. With this I close my letter. With much respect to all.

"I remain your truly obedient friend,

"J. K."

"The writer of this letter is evidently a smart boy," said Mr. Taylor, as he finished reading it. "I warrant he will make his way in the world."

"I expected he would do well, when we sent him out," said the superintendent. "In New York he was a leader in his set, and very successful in his street trades. But, as you see, he admits that he is doing much better out West."

"His Western life will make a man of him. Do you often hear from those you have sent out?"

"We are in constant correspondence with them. We feel ourselves under an obligation to look after them still, and to show them that we keep up an interest in them."

"It must have a good effect upon them."

"We find that it does. They are ashamed to misconduct themselves, knowing that it will come to our ears."

"Have you sent out many children, in this way?"

"Thousands of our children are located in different parts of the great West. With few exceptions, they are doing well, and bid fair to become—some have already become—respected and useful members of society."

"What would have been their fate, had they remained in the city?"

"Many would be vagrants, many, doubtless, tenants of prison cells; very few would have turned out well."

"It is a great work," said Mr. Taylor warmly. "I hope you will be encouraged to persevere. I feel like helping you. Accept this contribution to the funds of your society," and he drew two fifty-dollar bills from his pocketbook and handed to the superintendent.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. O'Connor, "I am sure you will not regret your gift. Every addition to our means enables us to extend our operations. This gift, for instance, will enable us to bring out six children to the West and place them in good homes."

“Will it, indeed!” said Mr. Taylor, gratified. “That assurance alone abundantly repays me. But I must write the note of introduction which I promised to my young friend.”

CHAPTER VII.

BROOKVILLE.

Though there was plenty of excitement and novelty attending the journey, Julius and his companions looked forward with eager interest to the hour when they would reach their destination. Where were they to live, and what sort of homes would they obtain? These were questions which naturally arose in the minds of all.

Hour after hour the train sped onward with its living freight. The boys looked out upon the broad fields, smiling in the sunlight, and bright-looking villages scattered along the route, and wondered if their future homes would look anything like them.

At last the moment approached when their curiosity was to be gratified.

"Boys, the next town is Brookville," said Mr. O'Connor, passing through the cars.

"Are we goin' to stop there?" asked Teddy.

"Yes; that is where we get out of the cars."

Soon a large village came in sight. It was quite thickly settled, and the streets were broad and regular. The boys could see various public buildings, besides a large number of dwelling houses. The place looked quite attractive, and the boys' faces lighted up with pleasure.

"I say, Teddy," said Julius, "Brookville's a nice place."

"Don't look much like New York," said Teddy, dubiously.

"Of course it don't. The country ain't like the city, stupid."

"I guess it's a pretty good place," said Teddy. "I hope we'll live near each other."

"I hope so, too; but maybe not. You may live somewhere else."

"Shan't we all live here?"

"No; I heard Mr. O'Connor say we'd be scattered around among the towns, but I'm goin' to live here."

"How do you know you are?"

"'Cause I've got a letter to Mr. Taylor's nephew. He lives in Brookville."

"P'rhaps he'll want two boys."

"Maybe he will."

"What's that?" asked Teddy, as the sound of music was heard.

"It's a band—don't you see it?—on the platform. What a crowd of people!"

"Boys," said Mr. O'Connor, "that music is for you. The citizens have come out to welcome you. Now I will tell you what you must do. You will follow me out of the cars as soon as the train stops, form two by two on

the platform, and then you may swing your hats, and shout, 'Three cheers for Brookville!' Will you do it?"

"All right, sir," said the boys, eagerly.

They were already within a few rods of the station. Speed was already slackened, and in a moment the cars had stopped.

"Now, boys, form in line after the other passengers have left the car," said the superintendent. "Then follow me."

His directions were carefully followed, and in five minutes the little company were drawn up on the platform. Many curious eyes were fixed upon them by those who had come to meet them, and some were already selecting those whom they desired to adopt.

"Now, boys," said the superintendent, when order was obtained, "what have you to say to the ladies and gentlemen who have been kind enough to come here to meet you?"

"Three cheers for Brookville!" shouted Tim Shanter, who, it had been agreed, should act as leader.

The cheers were given with a will, and with such emphasis that it was clear none of the boys as yet was troubled with weak lungs.

Then the band struck up again, and after they had concluded, one of the citizens came forward and addressed Mr. O'Connor.

"Mr. O'Connor, I presume?" he said.

"That is my name, sir. You were expecting us?"

"Yes; we received your telegram, and have made arrangements to receive you. First, however, let me introduce myself. My name is Taylor."

"Ephraim Taylor?"

"Yes," said the other, in some surprise.

"You wonder that I know your name," said Mr. O'Connor. "I met an uncle of yours while traveling in the State of New York, and he gave one of our boys a letter to you."

"Indeed!"

"It was a boy," exclaimed the superintendent, "who had an opportunity of being of service to him!"

"In what way, may I ask?"

"He detected a pickpocket in the act of taking your uncle's gold watch, and warned him of it. Julius, come here!"

Julius stepped out of the ranks. Mr. Taylor looked at him earnestly.

"I hear that you fell in with my uncle," he said.

"Yes, sir. He give me a letter for you."

"Let me see it."

Julius drew the letter from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Taylor.

The letter read as follows:

"MY DEAR NEPHEW: This will be handed to you by a boy who has done me a service, the nature of which

the superintendent will explain to you. I do not know how you are situated, or whether you require the services of a boy. If you do, I think you can't do better than to take this one. He is bright, sharp, and, as I have reason to believe, honest. I shall be glad if he can secure a good home.

Your uncle,

"JOHN TAYLOR."

Julius had already examined critically the personal appearance of Mr. Taylor, whom he regarded as his future employer and guardian. His past life had made him a good and quick observer of character. Street boys, obliged to fight their way, and struggle for a livelihood, are by their circumstances made preternaturally sharp. They acquire a judgment and self-reliance beyond their years, however defective they may be in the knowledge to be gained from books. Engaged in reading his uncle's letter, Mr. Taylor did not notice the keen glance with which Julius regarded him. But the result was favorable.

"I guess I'll like him," said our hero to himself. "He looks like he might be kind. I hope he'll take me."

Mr. Taylor looked up with a smile.

"My uncle wants me to take you, my lad," he said.

"Will you?" asked Julius.

"What do you say, Mr. O'Connor?" said Mr. Taylor.

"Will you intrust this young man to me?"

"I shall be glad to do so," said the superintendent.

"I will ask you to leave him with us till to-morrow, how-

ever, as applications will not generally be accepted till then."

"I have no objection to that. Now let me tell you what arrangements we have made for your reception. How many children have you in your company?"

"Fifty-two."

"It is as I supposed. There are more than can be lodged at our hotel, which is small. They could receive but twenty there, and the remainder can be accommodated in a hall we have in the village."

"I should prefer that they would not be separated. I would rather have them all under my own eye for to-night," said the superintendent.

"Very well; then perhaps it will be best for all to be accommodated in the hall. There are two halls, in fact; and bedding can be placed on the floor. It won't be quite so comfortable as it would be at the hotel."

"Our boys are used to roughing it," said Mr. O'Connor. "Many a night in the city they have slept out in old wagons or alleyways. It won't hurt them to sleep on the floor."

"The hall is about half a mile distant. I will lead the way, and you may get settled at once."

"Thank you, sir."

"Tim Shanter, see that the boys walk in line," said the superintendent. "I appoint you captain, Mr. Taylor, and I will go on ahead, and you will follow us."

So the procession moved through the village, attracting curious glances from the inhabitants as it passed along. The boys on their side used their eyes to advantage. They were delighted with the fields of grass, the trees now in full leaf, the flower-plots in front of some of the houses, and the singing of the birds. There was not one of them who did not hope that he would find a home in Brookville.

CHAPTER VIII.

JULIUS HAS AN ADVENTURE.

About midway in the principal street of Brookville is the town hall. It is a neat building, of considerable size, and two stories in height.

Here the procession halted, and after a pause filed in.

The boys found themselves in a large hall, with a platform and desk at one end, the body of the hall being filled with settees.

"Looks like a schoolroom," said Teddy.

"Only there ain't no desks," said Julius.

"We're to stay here all night, boys," said Tim Shanter.

"It's only three o'clock. What will we do till then?" said Tom Burke.

"Boys," said Mr. O'Connor, "would you like to see something of the village?"

"Yes!" "Yes!" was heard from all quarters.

"Then for the next two hours you may go where you please, but you must be back before six."

"All right, sir!" shouted half a dozen, and there was a rush for the door.

"Come back," shouted the superintendent. "You haven't heard all I have to say."

The boys turned back reluctantly.

"You must be careful to do no mischief, and commit no trespass upon any person's property. I want you to show our friends here that, if you have been brought up in the streets of New York, you know how to behave yourselves."

"We will!" "We will!" shouted the boys, and in less than a minute the hall was emptied.

They separated into groups, and walked off in different directions. Julius, Teddy, and Tom formed one of the parties.

"Where will we go?" said Tom.

"Come down here," said Julius, pointing down a side street. "There's some nice fields off there."

"Ain't it jolly?" said Teddy. "It's a big sight better than New York."

"Ain't that a nice field for baseball?" said Julius, pointing to a large pasture some distance ahead.

"There's lots of fields, but no ball."

"Look there, fellers! Do you see that little pond down there?"

"Let us go there."

"All right."

The boys jumped over the fence, and walked in the direction of the pond. It was a small circular sheet of water, covering about two acres. On it was a small, unpainted boat, which the boys no sooner saw than they jumped into. There was but one paddle inside, which

the boys used by turns. They had never before been in a boat, and were not scientific navigators; still they managed to paddle around the little pond, greatly to their satisfaction.

"I wonder if there's any fish in this pond," said Julius.

"I don't see none," said Teddy.

"If there was, it would be good fun to catch some," said Tom.

"We could use Teddy for bait," suggested Julius.

"I wouldn't advise a small fish to swallow me," said Teddy. "I'd dance a double shuffle in his stomach, and he'd soon want ter let me go."

The boys enjoyed floating about, and time passed quickly.

"What time is it?" asked Tom.

Julius drew out his watch with an air.

"It's five o'clock," he said.

"We ought ter be goin' back; Mr. O'Connor told us we must be back in time."

They turned the boat toward shore, when all at once Tom, who was looking toward the shore, exclaimed, "What's that, boys?"

Following the direction in which he pointed, the boys were startled by seeing a large, clumsy animal walking deliberately down toward the place where they were about to land.

They paused in their progress, and Julius, after a

careful examination of the stranger, announced, "I'll tell you what it is, boys; it's a bear!"

"A bear!" exclaimed Tom and Teddy, simultaneously.

"Yes; I've seed a picture of one in Frank Leslie's. It's a bear, sure."

"What will we do?" said Teddy, alarmed. "They'll bite, won't they?"

"I guess they will," said Julius. "They'd kill you just as easy as winkin'."

"I didn't know there was any wild animals around here," said Teddy, nervously.

"Yes," said Tom; "there's bears, and wolves, and panthers. I've read about 'em in a dime novel called 'Pathfinder Pete; or, The Wild Hunter of the West.' You know we are in the West now."

"How will we get back?" asked Teddy, rather anxiously. "He's squattin' down, waitin' for us."

The bear had come to a pause, and, squatting on its hind quarters, was steadily and seriously regarding the boys with an expression which, to their excited imaginations, seemed particularly savage and bloodthirsty.

"I wish't I had a rifle like the one 'Pathfinder Pete' had," ejaculated Tom.

"You wouldn't dare to fire it if you had one," said Julius.

"Yes, I would. I'd fire a bullet into his right eye and

then I'd fire another right into his left eye, and then he couldn't see to chase us."

"That would be good enough if we had a rifle," said Julius; "but we haven't. S'pose we land on the other side of the pond, and run for the fence."

"Don't yer do it!" exclaimed Teddy, in terror. "He'd catch us before we got halfway there."

"Do bears run fast, Tom?" asked Julius, deferring to the superior knowledge of his comrade, who had had the great privilege of reading the instructive story of "Pathfinder Pete."

"Don't they? They can go twenty miles an hour without hurtin' 'em."

"They don't look like it," said Julius, surveying the clumsy form of the bear. "I'll bet that bear can't keep up with me."

"Maybe he don't look it, but he can run like lightnin'. 'Pathfinder Pete' was chased by a bear, when his rifle wasn't loaded, an' the only way he got off was to hide behind a tree till he'd loaded his gun, an' then he blazed away, and keeled him over on his back."

"Then I wish 'Pathfinder Pete' would happen around this afternoon. Teddy, jist sing a bit. Maybe that'll frighten him."

"I don't feel like singin'," said Teddy. "Oh, boys, how will we get home?"

"I move," said Julius, who was least disturbed of the

three, "that we pitch out Teddy. While the bear's eatin' him, we'll run away."

"Don't yer do it," entreated Teddy, his teeth chattering with fright.

"We won't jest yet. Wait an' see if he won't go away himself."

"He's goin' to swim out to us," screamed Teddy, in fright, as the bear arose to his feet, and put one foot in the water. But he quickly withdrew it, apparently not liking the feeling.

"Do you think we'll have to stay here all night?" asked Tom, soberly.

"If the bear don't get tired, and go away."

"I wish I was back at the Lodgin' House," said Teddy, gloomily.

The bear arose to his feet, and walked slowly around the pond, looking from time to time at the boat and the three young navigators.

"What time is it now, Julius," asked Tom, after a while.

"Wants five minutes ter six," said Julius.

"What'll Mr. O'Connor think?"

"He can't blame us for not comin'. I say, boys, I'm gettin' hungry," said Tom.

"So is the bear," said Julius, significantly.

At this suggestion, Teddy turned a shade paler.

So the boys watched and waited in vain for their

unwelcome visitor to depart, keeping the little boat as near the middle of the pond as possible.

"I guess we'll have to stay all night," said Tom.

Just at that moment the attention of the three boys was drawn to a boy of about their own age, who was walking across the field toward the pond.

"Does he see the bear, I wonder?" said Teddy.

"The bear sees him," said Tom. "He's goin' for him."

CHAPTER IX.

THE BEAR AND HIS MASTER.

"Hadn't we better holler to him to look out for the bear?" suggested Teddy.

"He sees him, and is callin' to him," said Julius, directly afterward.

The three boys looked on in eager excitement, to see what would come of the meeting. Teddy fully expected that the bear would appropriate the newcomer for his supper, and was very much surprised at seeing him rubbing his head against the boy's legs, as if they were fast friends.

"Look at that," he cried. "I don't believe he's a bear."

"Yes, he is," said Tom, confidently. "Don't you think I know a bear when I see him?"

"I'll ask him," said Julius.

"Hello, there, Johnny!" he called out from the boat.

The boy looked up, and for the first time noticed the three boys.

"How did you know my name?" he asked, in surprise, for it so happened that his name was really John.

"I guessed at it," said Julius.

"Who are you?"

"We're New York aldermen," said Julius, "travelin' for our health."

"How came you in my boat?"

"Is the boat yours?"

"Yes."

"We thought we'd give it a little exercise, seein' it had nothin' to do."

"I know who you are. You came with the agent of the Children's Aid Society."

"That's so; I'm the president of the society, and these gentlemen are directors."

"You look like it," said the other boy, smiling.

"Is that a bear?" asked Tom, who was anxious to have the question settled.

"Yes, it is."

"Won't he bite?"

"Oh, no; he's a tame bear. Ain't you, old Bruin?"

The bear rubbed his head against his legs as before.

"Won't he do anything to us if we come on shore?" asked Teddy, nervously.

"Oh, no; he's as good-natured as an old dog."

"Then we'll land," said Julius. "We've been stayin' out here an hour, 'cause Teddy here was afraid of him."

"You were just as much afraid as I was," said Teddy, indignantly.

"That's a lie. Me and Tom ain't afraid of anything; but we wouldn't leave you here alone."

"Don't you believe him," said Teddy.

"I don't," said the boy on shore, laughing.

"You see," said Julius, "that my life is vaulable to my country, and I couldn't bear to lose it. Step out, Teddy. Now tie the boat. We'd better make tracks, or Mr. O'Connor'll scold us."

They joined the other boy and the bear, though Teddy took care to keep as far away from the latter as he could.

"Where did you get the bear?" asked Julius. "Do they live around here?"

"No; this was taken when a cub by an uncle of mine, and when it was half-grown he gave it to me."

"How long have you had him?"

"About five years; ever since I was nine years old."

"Is he quite tame?"

"Oh, yes; he's as tame as a cat."

"Do you let him go around loose?"

"Part of the time. In the night we tie him, and keep him in the barn."

The bear, with the desire probably of getting acquainted with different members of the party, here walked around to the further side, where Teddy was walking.

"Oh, take him away!" said the frightened boy. "He's goin' for me."

"Shut up, you fool!" said Julius; "do you think he'd touch such skinny meat as you, when he could have Tom or me? He ain't fond of pigs."

"I wouldn't care if he ate you or Tom," said Teddy.

"Pat him," said the stranger. "You'll see how he won't hurt you."

Teddy did so in fear and trembling, and was at last convinced that there was nothing to fear.

"Are you going to live in Brookville?" asked the young owner of the bear.

"I am," said Julius.

"Who are you going to live with?"

"With Mr. Taylor."

"Mr. Ephraim Taylor?"

"Yes; what kind of a man is he?"

"He's a good man; he's rich, too. Did he say he'd take you?"

"Yes; I brought him a letter from his uncle. His uncle gave me this watch and chain;" and Julius displayed, not without pride, his valued treasure.

"It's a nice one," said the other, after examining it.

"Have you got one?"

"Not yet; my father's going to give me one on my next birthday."

"When will that be?"

"On the Fourth of July."

"Was you born then?"

"Yes," said John smiling. "They celebrate my birthday around here."

"We do in New York, too."

"You see I am a great man."

"What's your name—your whole name?"

"John Sandford."

"Do you live near Mr. Taylor's?"

"About half a mile."

"Then we'll see each other sometimes."

"Yes; you can tell me about New York."

"Wasn't you ever there?"

"No; but I should like to go. It's a very big place, isn't it?"

"You bet it is."

"What is the population?"

"What?"

"How many people are there in the city?"

"About ten million, I guess," said Julius, pausing to think, and then guessing.

"There can't be so many as that. Why, London has only a little over three millions."

"London ain't New York."

"No; but it's a good deal bigger."

"Well, I don't know exactly. I never counted," said Julius.

"Are those other boys going to live in Brookville?"

"I hope I will," said Teddy.

"So do I," said Tom.

"Mr. O'Connor is goin' to get places for us to-morrow," said Julius. "I'll tell you what, Johnny, you'd better take Teddy yourself. You could let him sleep with the bear. Only, if the bear got hungry in his sleep, maybe he'd make hash out of him."

"That would be hash treatment," said John, laughing. "What is your name? I've told you mine."

"My name is Julius."

"What else?"

"Nothing else."

"Haven't you got but one name?" asked John, surprised.

"No; what's the use of two names?"

"Everybody has two."

"Then, if I go to live with Mr. Taylor, I'll call myself Julius Taylor."

"What's your name?" turning to Teddy.

"I'll tell you," said Julius. "That is the Hon. Teddy Bates, professor of boot blackin', and this other bummer is Tom Burke, Esq., one of the most distinguished baggage-smashers in all New York."

"I don't often get into such good company," said John, laughing. "Are all the rest of your company as celebrated?"

"Oh, no; they're common loafers. Me and Tom and Teddy are——"

"Uncommon loafers, I suppose."

"You guessed right the first time," said Julius.

"Hello, fellers!" interrupted Tom; "there's Pat Maloney comin' up the road; I guess he's comin' for us."

"Where've you fellers been?" said Pat, on meeting them. "Mr. O'Connor sent me to find you."

"Was he mad?"

"No; he thought you'd lost your way. What's that?" he exclaimed, suddenly, for the first time espying the bear.

"It's a bear," said John Sandford. "But don't be frightened. He is tame. He won't hurt you."

"You'd better come quick, or you'll lose your grub," said Pat.

This was enough. The three boys were very hungry, and, quickening their pace, soon rejoined their companions, whom they found partaking of a substantial supper, which had been liberally supplied by the citizens of Brookville, with characteristic Western hospitality.

CHAPTER X.

A BOOTBLACK'S SPEECH.

Julius and his companions were readily excused by the superintendent, on explaining the cause of their delay.

After supper was over, Mr. O'Connor said: "Boys, this is the last time you will be all together. To-morrow probably many of you will set out for new homes. Now, how shall we pass the time?"

"A speech from Corny Donovan!" cried one boy.

"Speech from Corny!" was heard from all parts of the hall.

"Corny, have you anything to say to the boys?" asked the superintendent, smiling.

Corny was a short, wiry little fellow, apparently twelve, but in reality two years older. He was noted among the boys for his drollery, and frequently amused them with his oratory. He came forward with a twinkle of merriment in his eye.

"The Honorable Corny Donovan will speak to the meetin'," said Julius, acting as temporary chairman.

Corny took his place on the platform, and with perfect gravity took out a small, red handkerchief, and blew his nose explosively, in imitation of a gentleman who

once addressed the boys at the Lodging House. The boys greeted this commencement with vociferous applause

"Go in, Corny!" "Spit it out!" were heard from different parts of the hall.

"Boys," said Corny, extending his right arm horizontally, "I've come here from my manshun in Fifth Avenoo to give you some good advice. You're poor miserable bummers, ivery mother's son of you. You don't know much anyhow. Once't I was as poor as you." ("Hi; hi!" shouted his auditors.) "You wouldn't think to look at my good clo'es that I was once a poor bummer like the rest of yez." ("Yes we would. Where's your gold watch?") "Where's my gold watch? I left it at home on the pianner. Maybe you'd like to grow up gentlemen like me. But you can't do it. It ain't in you." ("Oh, dry up!") "Boys, where's your manners? Don't you know no more'n to interrupt me in my speech? Me and Mr. O'Connor have brought you out here to make men of you. We want you to grow up 'spectable. Blackin' boots won't make men of you." ("You're only a bootblack yourself!") "I only blacked boots for amoosement, boys. I'd have you know I used to leave my Fifth Avenoo manshun in disguise, and pass the day round Printin' House Square, blackin' boots, 'cause my doctor told me I must have exercise, or I'd die eatin' too much rich food." ("Rich hash, you mean!") "No,

I don't. I never allow my cook to put hash on the table, 'cause you can't tell what it's made of, no more'n sas-sidges. There's lots of dogs and cats disappear in New York, and it's pop'larly supposed that they commits suicide; but the eatin'-house keepers know what 'comes of 'em." ("You bet! That's so, Corny!")

"Now I want you boys to leave off bummin', and try to be 'spectable members of s'ciety. I don't want yer to spend yer money for cigars, an' chew cheap tobaccer, just as ef you was men. Once't I saw a four-year-old bummer sittin' on a doorstep, smokin' a cigar that was half as big as he was. All at once't his rags took fire, and he went up in a balloon." ("Hi! hi!")

"I tell you, boys, the West is the place for you. Who knows but what you'll git to be Congressmen, or even President?" ("Hear the boy talk!") "I didn't mean you, Jim Malone, so you needn't say nothin'. They don't make Congressmen out'n sich crooked sticks as you be. Maybe you'll keep a corner grocery some time, or a whiskey shop, an' lay on the floor drunk half the time." ("Pitch into him, Corny!") "But that ain't what I was a goin' to say. You'll be great men, ef you don't miss of it; and if you're good and honest and industrious like I am," ("Dry up! Simmer down!"), "you'll come to live in fine houses, and have lots of servants to wait on you, and black yer boots, instead of blackin' 'em yourself." ("I'll take you for my 'bootblack, Corny,"

interrupted Julius.) "No, you won't. I expect to be governor before that time, and maybe you'll be swallowed by the bear that scared you so this afternoon." (Laughter from the boys.) "But I've most got through." ("Oh, drive ahead, Corny!") "If you want to be great men all you've got to do is to imertate me. Me and Mr. O'Connor are goin' to watch you, to see that you behave the way you ought to. When you're rich you can come back to New York, and go to the Lodgin' House and make a speech to the boys, and tell 'em you was once a poor bumner like they be, and advise 'em to go West, if they want to be somebody.

"Now, boys, I won't say no more. I'm afeared you won't remember what I've said already. I won't charge you nothin' for my advice."

Corny descended from the platform amid the laughter and applause of his comrades.

Mr. O'Connor said: "Boys, Corny's advice is very good, and I advise you to follow it, especially as to avoiding cigars and tobacco, which can only do boys harm. I am not sure that any of you stand a chance of becoming a Congressman or President, as he suggests, but there is one thing pretty certain—you can, if you are honest, industrious, and improve your opportunities at the schools which you will have a chance to attend, obtain a respectable position in society. Some of the boys who in former years have gone to the West have become pros-

perous, having farms or shops of their own. I don't see why you can't be just as successful as they. I hope you will be, and if, some years hence, you come to New York, I hope you will visit the Lodging House. If I am still there, I shall be glad to see you, and have you speak to the boys, and encourage them, by the sight of your prosperity, to work as you have done. Now I would suggest that you sing one or two of the songs we used to sing on Sunday evenings at the Lodging House. After that you may go out for an hour, but you must keep near this hall, as the evening is coming on."

CHAPTER XI.

NEW HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS.

The next day was to witness the dispersion of the little company which had come out to try their fortunes in the great West. Notices had been circulated in the neighboring villages that a company of boys had arrived, and farmers and mechanics who needed a boy on the farm or in the shop came to Brookville; and at eleven in the forenoon the hall presented a busy and animated sight. While the newcomers scanned attentively the faces of the boys, or opened conversations with them, to guide them in the selections, the boys again were naturally anxious to obtain desirable guardians and homes. Julius, being already provided for, had no anxiety, but wandered about, surveying the scene with comparative indifference. As he had a bright and intelligent look, he was more than once addressed by visitors.

"What is your name, my lad?" asked a middle-aged farmer from the next town.

"Julius."

"How old are you?"

"Fifteen."

"How would you like to come with me, and help me on my farm?"

"I'm engaged," said Julius, with an air of importance; for as young ladies are often emulous of getting married before their companions, so the boy who first succeeds in obtaining a place plumes himself accordingly.

"Indeed!" said the farmer, somewhat disappointed. "Where are you going to live?"

"With Mr. Ephraim Taylor."

"In Brookville?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall have to look somewhere else, I suppose."

"Maybe you'd like Corny Donovan?" suggested Julius.

"Where is he? Point him out."

Our hero pointed out the speaker of the evening before.

"He's small," said the farmer, after a critical survey. "How old is he?"

"He's fourteen."

"He doesn't look more than twelve."

"He's strong, Corny is, and he's smart. He used to earn twice as much money as some of the boys."

"What did he do?"

"He blacked boots."

"Do you think he would like to work on a farm?"

"I'll axe him. Come here, Corny."

Corny Donovan came up.

"Here's a gentleman wants to talk to you," said Julius.

"I was asking if you would like to work on a farm."

"Yes," said Corny, promptly, "if I was treated well, and could go to school. I want to learn somethin', so's I can grow up to be somebody."

"You ain't afraid of work, are you?"

"No, nor nothin' else. Julius here is afraid of bears."

"You won't find any bears where I live," said the farmer, smiling. "How would you like to go home with me?"

"I'd like it. You'll have to speak to Mr. O'Connor."

"He is the man who brought you to the West?"

"Yes. He stands there."

Mr. O'Connor was the center of a group of farmers and others, who were making inquiries about particular boys.

"Mr. O'Connor," said the farmer just introduced, "I want to ask you about a boy who calls himself Corny Donovan."

"He is a smart boy; there is no smarter in our company."

"Can you recommend him?"

"My dear sir, it depends on what you mean by the word."

"Well, is he to be depended upon?"

"I think so; but we cannot guarantee it. You know what has been the past life of our boys; how they have been brought up in neglect and privation in the city streets, subject to little restraint, and without careful instruction. You can't expect them to be models of all the virtues."

"No, I suppose not."

"But I can tell you this—that among the thousands whom we place in Western homes, there are few who do us discredit by being guilty of criminal offenses. They may at times be mischievous, as most boys in all conditions are, and with whatever advantages. There are few who show themselves really bad."

"That is all I want to know, Mr. O'Connor. I will take this boy, Corny, and try him, with your consent."

"Have you spoken with him?"

"Yes; he thinks he shall like being on a farm."

"Then, sir, you have only to give us good references, and the matter shall be arranged. We always insist upon them, as we feel under obligations to place our boys in good families, where they will be likely to receive good treatment."

"That is quite fair, sir. I can satisfy you on that point."

The matter was soon arranged, and Corny Donovan's suspense was at an end. He had found a home. His

new guardian was Mr. Darius Fogg, who owned and cultivated a large farm in the adjoining township of Claremont.

"How far do you live from Brookville?" asked Julius.

"About six miles."

"Can Corny come over some time? I should like to see him sometimes."

"Oh, yes; he will have occasion to come often. We send our farm produce here, to go East by rail, and we do our shopping here. Mrs. Fogg will want Cornelius to drive her over of an afternoon."

"Shall I drive the horses?" asked Corny, his eyes lighting up with eager anticipation.

"Certainly; you will have to do it every day."

"That'll be stavin'. I say, Julius, won't I put her over the road two-forty?"

This remark Mr. Fogg did not hear, or he might have been alarmed at the prospect of either of his staid farm horses being put over the road at racing speed. It is doubtful, however, whether Corny, or any other driver, could have got any very surprising speed out of them.

Teddy Bates was attached to Julius, and, though he was but a year younger than our hero, looked up to him as a weak nature looks up to a stronger. He was very anxious to find a home near our hero. Fortune favored him at last, as a Mr. Johnson, a shoemaker, living only

half a mile distant from Mr. Taylor, agreed to take him into his shop, and teach him the shoemaker's trade.

"So you're goin' to learn to make shoes, Teddy," said Julius. "Do you think you'll like it?"

"I don't know," said Teddy, "but I'm glad I'm goin' to be near you."

"We'll have bully times, but I'd rather be on a farm. I want to drive horses."

"I never drove a horse," said Teddy.

"Nor I; but I can."

"S'pose he runs away."

"I won't let him. You ain't afraid of a horse as well as a bear, are you, Teddy?"

"I ain't used to 'em, you see."

"Nor I; but I will be soon."

Teddy did not reply; but congratulated himself that he should have no horse to take care of. In this, however, he was mistaken, as his new guardian kept a horse also, though he did not have as much use for him as if he had been a farmer.

Teddy, I may here remark, was an exception to his class. Street boys are rarely deficient in courage or enterprise, and most would be delighted at the opportunity to control or drive a horse. But Teddy inherited a timid temperament, and differed widely from such boys as Julius or Corny Donovan.

"Well, my boy, are you ready? I've got to be getting

home," said Mr. Johnson, walking up to the place where Teddy stood talking with Julius.

"Yes, sir, I'm ready. I'll just bid good-by to Mr. O'Connor."

"Good-by, my boy," said the superintendent. "I hope you will behave well in your new home, and satisfy the gentleman who has agreed to take you. Write home sometimes, and let me know how you are getting along."

"I can't write, sir," said Teddy, rather ashamed of his ignorance.

"You will soon learn. Good-by!"

Next Julius came up, as Mr. Taylor was also ready to start.

"Good-by, Julius," said Mr. O'Connor. "Now you've got a chance to make a man of yourself, I hope you'll do it."

"I will," said Julius, confidently. "If Jack Morgan or Marlowe come round to ask where I am, don't tell them."

"I don't think they'll trouble me with any inquiries. They are probably in Sing Sing by this time."

CHAPTER XII.

JULIUS IN LUCK.

A light wagon was standing outside for Julius and his new guardian.

"Jump in, Julius," said Mr. Taylor.

Our hero did not need a second command. He was quickly in his seat, and looked wistfully at his companion, who held the reins.

"May I drive?" he asked.

"Are you accustomed to driving?"

"No, sir."

"I suppose you never got a chance in the city?"

"No, sir. Jack didn't keep a horse," said Julius, with a smile.

"Who was Jack?"

"He was the man I lived with."

"Was he in any business?"

"Yes, sir; but it wasn't a very good kind of business. Jack used to break into houses, and take anything he could find. He tried pickin' pockets one while, but he was too clumsy, and got caught too often. Marlowe could do that better."

"Were those the two men you spoke of to Mr. O'Connor, as you were coming away?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you happen to be in charge of such a man?"

"That's more than I knows of. When I was a little chap, four or five years old, I lived with Jack; but he never told me where he got me from."

"Do you think you are his son?"

"No; I know I'm not. When Jack got drunk he used to tell me I wa'n't no child of his, and he'd send me out to shift for myself if I didn't do jest as he told me."

"Did he often get drunk?"

"He used to drink when he got a chance, but he'd only get reg'lar drunk about once a week."

"Did he ever offer you anything to drink?"

"No," answered Julius, laughing; "he wanted it all himself. But I wouldn't have took it."

"Why not?"

"I didn't like it. Besides, I didn't want to lay round drunk like Jack. I didn't see that there was any fun in it."

"You are right there. There is very little fun, as you call it, in getting drunk. It appears to me you were brought up under bad influences."

"Yes, I was," said Julius, in a matter-of-fact manner.

"Many would be afraid to take into their houses a boy who had been reared by a thief."

"Maybe they would," said Julius.

"They might be afraid that he had been trained to steal."

"Yes," said Julius; "but what's the good of stealin' when you got a good home?"

"Quite right; but that isn't the highest view to take of stealing. It is wrong in the sight of God."

"That's what they told us at the Lodgin' House."

"I hope you believe it."

"Yes, sir, I believe it."

"And if ever you are tempted to take anything that doesn't belong to you, think first that it will be displeasing to God. After that, you may consider that it is bad policy also."

"It was bad for Jack and Marlowe. They was in prison half the time. They're in Sing Sing now, hammerin' stone, I expect."

"You may be thankful that you are out of their reach. But you said you wanted to drive."

"Yes, sir," said Julius, eagerly.

"Take the reins, and I'll show you how to do it. You will have to learn to harness and unharness the horse also."

"That'll be bully," said our hero, in a tone of satisfaction.

"I am glad you like the idea. I am going to make a Western farmer of you."

"That's what I want."

Mr. Taylor gave Julius some practical directions about driving, and had an illustration of the boy's quickness in his immediate comprehension and acting upon them. They soon came in sight of a gate, on the other side of which was a lane.

"Jump out and open the gate," said Mr. Taylor. "That lane leads to my house."

They soon came in sight of a substantial farm-house of good appearance. A man in overalls, and without a coat, came up to meet the carriage.

"Abner," said Mr. Taylor, "you may take out the horse, and put him in the barn."

"Shall I go with him?" asked Julius.

"Not now. I will take you into the house, and introduce you to Mrs. Taylor, who will show you where you are to sleep."

He entered the house, followed by Julius.

"Come in here," said Mr. Taylor, throwing open the door of a comfortable sitting-room. It was furnished in ordinary, yet tasteful, style; and to Julius, bred in the street and never having known anything better than a bare and cheerless apartment in a shabby tenement house, it seemed like a palace. In front of a fire sat a pleasant and comely woman of thirty-five, sewing. She looked up as Mr. Taylor entered, and her eyes rested with interest on the boy who followed him.

"Emma," said her husband, "this is the boy I spoke to you about."

"I am glad to see you," said Mrs. Taylor, with a cordial smile, extending her hand, which Julius took bashfully. He was not diffident in the presence of men, but he was not accustomed to ladies, and felt awkward in their presence. "You have come a long journey," said Mrs. Taylor.

"Yes, sir—I mean ma'am," stammered Julius.

"You come from New York?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I hope you will like Brookville. It isn't much like the great city you have left."

"I like it a great deal better."

"What is your name?"

"Julius."

"You are the first Julius that I ever met. And your other name?"

"I haven't got none."

The lady looked surprised.

"What was your father's name. Surely he had one."

"Maybe he did, but I never had the pleasure of his acquaintance."

"This is really singular, Ephraim," said his wife. "How can he get along with but one name?"

"He can take ours."

"How would you like to take the name of Taylor?" he asked.

"Tiptop," said Julius.

"Then you can call yourself Julius Taylor. I suppose that will be all the formality required. Emma, where are you going to put him?"

"I will show him his room," said Mrs. Taylor. "Is, his trunk outside?"

"I haven't got no trunk," said Julius.

"Then where do you keep your clothes?" asked Mrs. Taylor, in some surprise.

"I suspect," said her husband, "Julius carries his clothes on his back."

"I've got some in this bundle," said our hero, displaying a paper parcel.

"You will have to buy him some, Ephraim," said his wife. "He will need a supply of underclothes."

"I leave that matter in your hands, my dear. You will know more about his needs than I."

Julius followed Mrs. Taylor upstairs to a small back chamber on the second floor, which was neatly furnished, with a bedstead, table, bureau, washstand, two chairs, and adorned, moreover, by three prints cheaply framed, and hung upon the walls.

"This will be your room Julius," said Mrs. Taylor.

To the boy, with the recollections of his street life fresh

in his memory, it seemed hardly credible that this sumptuous chamber, as it seemed to him, could really be his.

"Do you like it?" asked Mrs. Taylor, noticing that he remained silent.

"Don't I?" he answered, drawing a long breath. "Is this goin' to be my room?"

"Yes, you are to sleep here regularly. That bureau is for your clothes. You can put your bundle inside now, and in a few days you shall have some more to put in."

"It's stavin'," ejaculated Julius, rapturously.

"I am not familiar with that word," Mrs. Taylor said, "but I suppose it means that the room suits you. You will find some water in the pitcher, if you want to wash. When you have got through, you may come downstairs. We shall have dinner directly."

Left to himself, Julius sat down on the bed, and tried to realize the situation.

"What would Jack say if he should see me now?" he said to himself. "I didn't expect I was goin' to set up as a gentleman so quick. Ain't this a jolly bed? I'll sleep like a top on it. It's a blamed sight better than lyin' on the floor in Jack's room, or sleepin' in old wagons, or on the piers. I feel as if one of them magician chaps had shaken his stick at me and changed me from a bootblack into a prince, like he did in that play at the Old Bowery. So I'm Julius Taylor now."

Julius arose from the bed, and proceeded to wash his face and hands, though, under ordinary circumstances, he would scarcely have thought it necessary. But he reflected that he had ascended in the social scale, and it was only proper to adapt himself to his new position. When he had completed his ablutions, to use an expression which he would not yet have understood, he heard a bell ring below.

"That's for grub!" he said to himself. "I guess I can do my share."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE NEW DOLL.

Julius had been unusually fortunate in obtaining a home in Mr. Taylor's family. His new guardian was a man of wealth; indeed, he was the wealthiest man in Brookville. He owned shares in banks and mining companies, and could have lived handsomely had his farm yielded no income. He had a taste for agriculture, however, though he personally carried on but a small part of his extensive farm. His wife had been born and brought up in an Eastern city, was well educated, and, though she superintended the affairs of her household, did comparatively little work herself, having the aid of two stout, capable girls in the kitchen, who relieved her of all the drudgery, and, being competent for their positions, required very little looking after. It will be seen, therefore, that Mr. Taylor's household is not presented as that of an average Western farmer. Though, as a class, our Western farmers are intelligent, they lack the refinement and cultivation which Mr. and Mrs. Taylor derived from their early advantages.

I must now explain how they came to take Julius into their family. Though they had been married twelve years, they had but one child, a little girl of five, a

pretty and attractive child. Having no son, it occurred to them to receive into their household a boy, who would be company for little Carrie, and whom, if found worthy, they might hereafter adopt and provide for. A boy of the age of Julius can always make himself useful on a Western farm, but it was only partially with a view to this consideration that he was received.

Mr. Taylor resolved to give him a good education, and increase his advantages, if he showed himself to possess capability and willingness to learn.

Comparatively few of the boys who are sent to the West can hope to obtain such homes; but though their privileges and opportunities may be less, they will in most cases obtain a decent education, good treatment, and a chance to rise.

While Julius was upstairs, Mr. Taylor asked his wife:

"Well, Emma, what do you think of the boy I have brought home?"

"He looks bright, but I judge that he has not had much education."

"Quite right; it will be for us to remedy that. He has been brought up in the streets of New York, but I don't think he has any bad faults."

"He described his room as 'stavin'," said Mrs. Taylor, smiling. "I never heard the word before."

"It is an emphatic word of approval among boys. I have heard it among those who are not street boys. They

use it where girls would say a thing was 'perfectly lovely.' "

"I never had much to do with boys, Ephraim. You know I had no brothers, so I am ignorant of their dialect."

"I presume Julius will enlighten your ignorance before long."

"I hardly think I shall adopt it. Suppose I should tell Mrs. Green that her dress was 'stavin'?"

"Probably she would stare. Seriously, I hope our young waif may do credit to our training. He will have a great deal to learn, and much to unlearn; but he looks bright, and I have good hopes of success."

Here little Carrie entered, and at once monopolized attention.

"What do you think I have brought home for you, Carrie?" asked her father, taking her in his arms and kissing her.

"I don't know, papa. What is it?"

"It's a doll—a big doll."

"How big?" asked Carrie, seriously.

"Bigger than Carrie."

"Oh, how nice!" said the child. "Where is it?" and she looked around.

"It will soon come in."

"Where did you get it, papa?"

"It came all the way from New York."

"How nice of you, papa!"

"And what do you think, Carrie? It can walk all by itself."

"Really, papa?"

"Yes, and it can talk."

"Can it talk like me?" asked the unsuspecting child.

"Yes; and a great deal louder."

"It must be a funny doll," said the child, reflectively.

"What does it look like?"

"Like a boy."

"Is it a boy doll?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of that. All my dolls are girls."

"Well, this is a boy."

"Did you pay a great deal for it, papa?"

Mr. Taylor laughed.

"I expect it will cost me a great deal before I get through with it; for I forgot to tell you one thing, Carrie—this doll I am speaking to you about, eats."

"Does it eat dinner?"

"Yes."

"Shall I have to feed it?"

"I think it will prefer to feed itself, Carrie," said her father, compelled to laugh by the serious, wondering face of the little girl.

At that moment Julius entered the room.

"There it is now," said Mr. Taylor.

"That is a boy," said Carrie, looking somewhat disappointed.

"I told you it was."

"But you said it was a doll. Are you a doll?" she asked, sliding from her father's knee, and running up to Julius.

"I'm a pretty big one," said Julius, amused.

"There, papa, you were only funning," said the little girl, reproachfully.

"Didn't I tell you the truth? Can't he eat, and talk, and walk?"

"Yes, but he isn't a doll."

"Isn't he better than a doll? A doll couldn't play with you; Julius can."

"Is your name Julius?" asked the little girl, looking up to our hero.

"Yes."

"What's your other name?"

"Taylor," answered Julius, with a glance at her father.

"Why, that's our name."

"Then he must be of our family," said her father. "Do you want him to stay, and live with us? He can play with you, and tell you stories, and you can have plenty of good times together."

"Yes, I should like to have him stay. Will you, Julius?"

"Yes, if you want me to," answered our hero; and

he felt strongly attracted to the sweet little girl, who had mistaken him for a doll.

"Then you may lead him out to dinner, Carrie," said Mr. Taylor, as Jane, one of the servants, opened the door and announced that dinner was ready. "Perhaps you will have to feed him, as he is a doll, you know."

"Now you are funning again, papa," said Carrie, shaking her curls. "Will you sit by me, Julius?"

"I should like to, Carrie," said our hero; and hand in hand with the little girl he walked into the next room, where a table was neatly spread for dinner.

It was a new experience to Julius. He had never had a sister. Those girls with whom he had been brought in contact had been brought up as he had been, and, even where their manners were not rough, possessed little of the grace and beauty of this little child of fortune. She seemed to the eyes of our young plebeian a being of a higher type and superior clay, and, untutored as he was, he could appreciate in a degree, her childish beauty and grace.

Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were pleased to find that the little girl's happiness was likely to be increased by this accession to their household.

"I think, Carrie," said her mother, "you like Julius better than if he were a doll."

"Yes, mamma, I do."

"If you don't," said Julius, "I'll turn myself into a big doll with pink eyes."

"You can't," said Carrie, seriously.

"Maybe I can't myself, but I might get a big magician to do it."

"Is that a fairy," asked the little girl.

"I guess so."

"The difference is," said her father, "that magicians are men, but fairies are women."

"I don't want you to," said Carrie, "for then you couldn't talk to me, and play with me. Please stay a boy."

"I will as long as you want me to," said Julius, gravely.

Our hero did not feel wholly at his ease, for he was not used to dining in company. In the cheap eating houses which he had been accustomed to patronize, when he was in luck, very little ceremony prevailed. The etiquette in vogue was of the loosest character. If a patron chose to sit with his hat on, or lean his elbows on the table, there was nothing to prevent. But Julius was observing, and carefully observed how Mr. and Mrs. Taylor ate, being resolved to imitate them, and so make no mistakes. He found it difficult, however, to eat with his fork, instead of his knife, as he had always done hitherto, and privately thought it a very singular and foolish custom. His attempts were awkward, and attracted the attention of his new guardians; but they were encouraged

by it to believe that he would lay aside other habits springing from his street life, and, after a while, shape his manners wholly to his new position.

When dinner was over, Mr. Taylor said: "Julius, would you like to go out with me and see the farm?"

"Yes, sir," said our hero, eagerly.

"I thought you were going to play with me," said little Carrie, disappointed.

"Julius can't play with you all the time, my dear," said her mother. "After supper perhaps he will."

"Shall I change him into a doll?" asked her father. "Then he'll have to stay in."

"No," said Carrie; "I like a boy better."

CHAPTER XIV.

FIRST LESSONS.

"I suppose you don't know much about farming, Julius?" said Mr. Taylor, after supper.

"No more'n a horse," said Julius.

"Some horses know considerable about farming, or at least have a chance to," said his new guardian, with a smile.

"I guess they know more'n me."

"Very likely; but you can learn."

"Oh, yes," said Julius, confidently. "It won't take me long."

"I shall put you in charge of Abner, who will give you some instruction. You will begin to-morrow morning with helping him to milk."

"All right, sir."

"He gets up at five o'clock. He will knock at your door, as he comes downstairs. He sleeps on the floor above. Now I want to ask a few questions about other matters. I suppose your education has been neglected."

"I was to college once," said our hero.

"How was that?"

"I carried a bundle of books from a bookseller in Nas-

sau Street to one of the professors of Columbia College."

"If that is the extent of your educational advantages, you probably still have something to learn. Have you been to school?"

"Not much. I went to evenin' school a few times."

"Can you read and write?"

"I can read a little, but I have to skip the hard words. I ain't much on writin'."

"Here is a little book of fairy stories. You can read one aloud to Carrie."

"I can't read well enough," said Julius, drawing back reluctantly.

"That is just what I want to find out," said Mr. Taylor. "Don't be bashful. If you can't read well, you shall have a chance to improve."

"Are you going to read me a story, Julius?" asked little Carrie, delighted.

"I'll try," said Julius, embarrassed.

He began to read, but it soon became evident that he had not exaggerated his ignorance. He hesitated and stumbled, miscalled easy words, and made very slow progress, so that Carrie, who had been listening attentively, without getting much idea of the story, said, discontentedly, "Why, how funny you read, Julius! I like better to hear papa read."

"I knew I couldn't do it," said Julius, disconcerted, as he laid down the book.

"You will soon be able to," said Mr. Taylor, encouragingly. "Now I will tell you what I propose to do. In the forenoon, up to dinner time, you shall work on the farm, and in the afternoon I will assign you lessons to be recited in the evening. Would you like that?"

"Yes," said Julius. "I don't want to be a know-nothin' when I get to be a man."

It is hardly necessary to explain that in using the term "know-nothing" Julius had no thought of its political meaning.

"But I'm afraid I won't learn very fast," he said, hesitatingly.

"Perhaps not just at first, but you will soon get used to studying. I will be your teacher; and when I am too busy to hear your lessons, Mrs. Taylor will supply my place. Are you willing, Emma?"

"Certainly, Ephraim; it will remind me of the years that I was teaching school."

"Next winter I will send you to the public school," said Mr. Taylor. "By that time you will, I hope, have learned so much that you will be able to get into a class of boys somewhere near your own age."

"I shouldn't like to be in a class with four-year-old babies," said Julius. "They'd take me for a big baby myself."

"Your pride is natural and proper. Your grade in school will depend on how well you work between now and winter."

"I'll study some to-night," said Julius, eagerly.

"Very well. The sooner you begin the better. You may take the same story you have been trying to read, and read it over three times carefully by yourself. When you come to any words you don't know, you can ask Mrs. Taylor or myself. To-morrow evening you may read it aloud to Carrie, and we can see how much benefit you have derived from your study."

Julius at once set to work in earnest. He had considerable perseverance, and really desired to learn. He was heartily ashamed of his ignorance, and this feeling stimulated him to make greater exertions.

The next morning he was awakened by a loud knock at his door.

"What's up?" he muttered, drowsily.

"Get up, Julius," Abner called, loudly.

Julius opened his eyes, and stared about him in momentary bewilderment.

"Blest if I didn't forget where I was," he said to himself. "I thought I was at the Lodgin' House, and Mr. O'Connor was callin' me. I'm comin'," he said, aloud.

"You'll find me at the barn," said Abner.

"All right."

Julius hurried on his clothes, and proceeded to the barn, where he soon found Abner in the act of milking.

"Is it easy to milk?" he asked.

"It's easy when you know how," said Abner.

"It don't look hard."

"Come and try it," said Abner.

He got off his stool, and Julius took his place. He began to pull, but not a drop of milk rewarded his efforts.

"There ain't no milk left," he said. "You're foolin' me."

In reply Abner drew a full stream into the pail.

"I did just like you," said Julius, puzzled.

"No, you didn't. Let me show you."

Here followed a practical lesson, which cannot very well be transferred to paper, even if the writer felt competent to give instructions in an art of which he has little knowledge.

Julius, though he had everything to learn, was quick in acquiring knowledge, whether practical or that drawn from books, and soon got the knack of milking, though it was some days before he could emulate Abner with his years of experience.

The next day Julius undertook to milk a cow alone. So well had he profited by Abner's instructions, that he succeeded very well. But he was not yet experienced in the perverse ways of cows. When the pail was nearly

full, and he was congratulating himself on his success, the cow suddenly lifted her foot, and in an instant the pail was overturned, and all the milk was spilled, a portion of it on the milker.

Julius uttered an exclamation of mingled dismay and anger.

"What's the matter?" asked Abner, rather amused at the expression on the face of Julius, notwithstanding the loss of the milk.

"Matter! The darned brute has knocked over the pail, and spilled all the milk."

"Cows is curis critters," said Abner, philosophically. "They like to make mischief sometimes."

"Just let me get a stick. I'll give her a dose," said Julius, excited.

"No," said Abner, "we'll tie her legs if she does it again. It doesn't do much good beating an animal. Besides," he added, smiling, "I s'pose she thought she had a right to spill the milk, considerin' it was hers."

"I don't know about that," said Julius. "That's the way she pays her board."

"I s'pose she didn't see it in that light. Better luck next time, Julius. It wa'n't your fault anyway."

The cow stood placidly during this conversation, evidently well pleased with her exploit. Julius would like to have given her a beating; but Abner, who was a kind-hearted man, would not allow it.

"It would be a bully idea to make her go without her breakfast," said Julius, whose anger was kept fresh by the sight of the spilled milk.

"Wal," said Abner, "you see there's this objection. If she don't have no breakfast, she won't give as much milk next time."

"I didn't think of that."

"She can't make milk out of nothin'. Don't you have no cows in New York?"

"Oh, yes," said Julius, laughing; "the mayor has a whole drove of 'em, that he pastures in Central Park."

"Does he get pasturin' for nothin'?" asked Abner, in good faith.

"In course he does. Then there's a lot of bulls in Wall Street."

"Do they let 'em go round loose?"

"Yes."

"Don't they ever get rampagious?"

"What's that?"

"Don't they do mischief?"

"I guess they do. They're always fightin' with the bears."

"Sho! you don't mean to say you've got bears in New York."

"Yes, I do. They're in Wall Street, too."

"I shouldn't think they'd allow it," said Abner, whose knowledge of finance and the operators who make Wall

Street the theatre of their operations was very rudimentary.

"Oh, ain't you jolly green!" said Julius, exploding with laughter.

"What do you mean?" demanded Abner, inclined to feel offended.

"The bulls and bears I am talkin' of are men. They're the brokers that do business in Wall Street."

"How should I know that? What do they give 'em such curis names for?"

"I don't know," said Julius. "I never heard. Didn't you ever go to New York?"

"No; but I should like to go. It costs a pile of money to go there, I expect. I wish you'd tell me something about it."

"All right."

Then and at other times Julius gave Abner a variety of information, not always wholly reliable, about New York and his former life there, to which Abner listened with greedy attention.

CHAPTER XV.

TEMPTATION.

Though Mr. Taylor owned several hundred acres, he retained but forty under his personal charge. The remainder was rented to various parties, who paid him either in money or grain, according to the agreement made. Being fond of agriculture, he would have kept the whole in his own hands, but that it would have increased so largely the cares of his wife. A large number of farm laborers would have been required, whom he would probably have been compelled to receive under his own roof, and his wife would have become in effect the mistress of a large boarding house. This he was too considerate to require, or allow.

Even of the forty acres he reserved, but a small portion was cultivated, the remainder being used for pasturage or mowing. During the greater part of the year, therefore, he found Abner's services sufficient. Only during haying and harvest he found it necessary to engage extra assistance. Mr. Taylor was, however, an exception to the general rule. Ordinarily, Western farmers, owning a large number of acres, carry on the whole themselves; though it is doubtful whether their profits

are any greater than if they should let out the greater part.

It will be seen, therefore, that Julius was fortunate in his position. He had to work but half the day, while the remaining half he was at liberty to devote to making up the many deficiencies in his early education. He was sensible enough to appreciate this advantage, and showed it by the rapid improvement he made. After he had begun to improve in his reading, he had lessons assigned him in writing and arithmetic. For the latter he showed a decided taste; and even mastered with ease the difficulties of fractions, which, perhaps more than any other part of the arithmetic, are liable to perplex the learner.

"You are really making excellent progress, Julius," said Mr. Taylor to him one evening. "I find you are a very satisfactory pupil."

"Do you, sir?" said Julius, his eyes brightening.

"You appear not only to take pains, but to have very good natural abilities."

"I'm glad I'm not goin' to grow up a know-nothin'."

"You certainly won't if you keep on in this way. But there is one other thing in which you can improve?"

"What is that?"

"In your pronunciation. Just now you said 'goin'' and 'know-nothin'.' You should pronounce the final letter, saying 'going' and 'nothing.' Don't you notice that I do it?"

"Yes, sir; but I'm used to the other."

"You can correct it, notwithstanding. By way of helping you I will remind you whenever you go wrong in this particular way; indeed, whenever you make any mistake in pronunciation."

"I wish you would," said Julius, earnestly. "Do you think they'll put me in a very low class at school?"

"Not if you work hard from now to Thanksgiving."

"I'd like to know as much as other boys of my age. I don't want to be in a class with four-year-olds."

"You have got safely by that, at least," said Mr. Taylor, smiling. "I like your ambition, and shall be glad myself, when you enter school, to have you do credit to my teaching."

There was nothing connected with the farm work that Julius liked better than driving a horse, particularly when he had sole charge of it; and he felt proud indeed the first time he was sent with a load of hay to a neighboring town. He acquitted himself well; and from that time he was often sent in this way. Sometimes, when Mr. Taylor was too busy to accompany her, Mrs. Taylor employed him to drive her to the village stores, or to a neighbor's, to make a call; and as Julius showed himself fearless, and appeared to have perfect control even of Mr. Taylor's most spirited horse, she felt as safe with him as with her husband.

Julius had been in his new place about six weeks, when

his integrity was subjected to a sudden and severe test. He was sent to a neighbor's, living about a mile and a half away, and, on account of the distance, was told to harness up the horse and ride. This he did with alacrity. He took his seat in the buggy, gathered the reins into his hands, and set out. He had got a quarter of a mile on his way when he suddenly espied on the floor of the carriage, in the corner, a pocketbook. He took it up, and, opening it, discovered two facts: first, that it belonged to Mr. Taylor, as it contained his card; next, that its contents were valuable, judging from the thick roll of bills.

"How much is there here?"

This was the first question that Julius asked himself.

Counting the bills hurriedly, he ascertained that they amounted to two hundred and sixty-seven dollars.

"Whew! what a pile!" he said to himself. "Ain't I in luck? I could go to California for this, and make a fortune. Why shouldn't I keep it? Mr. Taylor will never know. Besides, he's so rich he won't need it."

To one who had been brought up, or rather who had brought himself up, as a bootblack in the streets of New York, the temptation was a strong one. Notwithstanding the comfort which he now enjoyed there were moments when a longing for his old, independent, vagrant life swept over him. He thought of Broadway, and City Hall Park, of Tony Pastor's, and the old Bowery, of the busy hum and excitement of the streets of the great

city; and a feeling something like homesickness was aroused within him. Brookville seemed dull, and he pined to be in the midst of crowds. This longing he was now able to gratify. He was not apprenticed to Mr. Taylor. It is not the custom of the Children's Aid Society to bind out the children they send West for any definite term. There was nothing to hinder his leaving Brookville, and either going back to New York, or going to California, as he had often thought he would like to do. Before the contents of the pocketbook were exhausted, which, according to his reckoning, would be a very long time, he would get something to do. There was something exhilarating in the prospect of starting on a long journey alone, with plenty of money in his pocket. Besides, the money wouldn't be stolen. He had found it, and why shouldn't he keep it?

These thoughts passed through the mind of Julius in considerably less time than I have taken in writing them down. But other and better thoughts succeeded. After all, it would be no better than stealing to retain money when he knew the owner. Besides, it would be a very poor return to Mr. Taylor for the kindness with which he had treated him ever since he became a member of his household. Again, it would cut short his studies, and he would grow up a know-nothing—to use his own word—after all. It would be pleasant traveling, to be sure; it would be pleasant to see California, or to find himself

again in the streets of New York; but that pleasure would be dearly bought.

"I won't keep it," said Julius, resolutely. "It would be mean, and I should feel like a thief."

He put the pocketbook carefully in the side pocket of his coat, and buttoned it up. As he whipped up the horse, who had taken advantage of his preoccupation of mind to walk at a snail's pace, it occurred to him that if he should leave Brookville he would no longer be able to drive a horse; and this thought contributed to strengthen his resolution.

"What a fool I was to think of keeping it!" he thought. "I'll give it to Mr. Taylor just as soon as I get back."

He kept his word.

"Haven't you lost your pocketbook, Mr. Taylor?" he asked, when, having unharnessed the horse, he entered the room where his guardian was sitting.

Mr. Taylor felt in his pocket.

"Yes," said he, anxiously. "It contained a considerable sum of money. Have you found it?"

"Yes, sir; here it is." And our hero drew it from his pocket, and restored it to the owner.

"Where did you find it?"

"In the bottom of the wagon," answered Julius.

"Do you know how much money there is in the wallet?" asked Mr. Taylor.

"Yes, sir; I counted the bills. There is nearly three hundred dollars."

"Didn't it occur to you," asked Mr. Taylor, looking at him in some curiosity, knowing what he did of his past life and associations, "didn't it occur to you that you could have kept it without my suspecting it?"

"Yes," said Julius, frankly. "It did."

"Did you think how much you might do with it?"

"Yes; I thought how I could go back to New York and cut a swell, or go to California and maybe make a fortune at the mines."

"But you didn't keep it."

"No; it would be mean. It wouldn't be treating you right, after all you've done for me; so I just pushed it into my pocket, and there it is."

"You have resisted temptation nobly, my boy," said Mr. Taylor, warmly; "and I thank you for it. I won't offer to reward you, for I know you didn't do it for that; but I shall hereafter give you my full confidence, and trust you as I would myself."

Nothing could have made a better or deeper impression on the mind of Julius than these words. Nothing could have made him more ashamed of his momentary yielding to the temptation of dishonesty. He was proud of having won the confidence of Mr. Taylor. It elevated him in his own eyes.

"Thank you, sir," he said, taking his guardian's prof-

ferred hand. "I'll try to deserve what you say. I'd rather hear them words than have you pay me money."

Mr. Taylor was a wise man, and knew the way to a boy's heart. Julius never forgot the lesson of that day. In moments of after temptation it came back to him, and strengthened him to do right.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE NEW TEACHER.

On the first Monday after Thanksgiving the winter school commenced. Julius looked forward to the day with eager interest. He had studied at home faithfully in the afternoon, according to Mr. Taylor's proposal, and had really made remarkable progress. His ambition was aroused, and he had labored to reach an equality with other boys of his age. He was encouraged to believe he had done so, and therefore was not afraid of being mortified by his standing in the assignment of scholars to classes.

"Who is to be the teacher this winter?" asked Mrs. Taylor, at the breakfast table, turning to her husband.

"It is a nephew of Deacon Slocum. I believe his name is Slocum."

"Do you know anything of him?"

"No; I only know that the Deacon actively interested himself to get him the appointment. Most of the parents would have preferred Dexter Fairbanks. He has experience, and is known to be an excellent teacher."

"How came the deacon to carry his point?"

"By asking his nephew's appointment as a special favor. I only hope he will prove a good teacher."

Julius listened to this conversation with attention. He felt that he was personally interested in the matter. He hoped the new teacher would be a good one, for he really wished to learn. If I should say, however, that this was all that our hero had in view, I should convey a false idea. He expected to have a good time, and meant to get what enjoyment he could as well as profit. By this time he was pretty well acquainted with the boys who, like himself, were to attend the school, and no longer felt like a stranger.

One thing I must add. When we first made acquaintance with Julius, in the streets of New York, he was meager and rather undersized. Want and privation had checked his growth, as was natural. But since he had found a home in the West, he had lived generously, enjoyed pure air, and a sufficiency of out-of-door exercise, and these combined had wrought a surprising change in his appearance. He had grown three inches in height; his form had expanded; the pale, unhealthy hue of his cheek had given place to a healthy bloom, and his strength had considerably increased. This change was very gratifying to Julius. Like most boys of his age he wanted to be tall and strong; in the city he had been rather ashamed of his puny appearance; but this had disappeared, and he now felt able to cope with most boys of his age.

Some minutes before nine a group of boys assembled in front of the schoolhouse.

"Have you seen the new teacher?" asked Julius, addressing John Sandford.

"No; they say he only came to Brookville late last evening."

"Where is he going to board?"

"At Deacon Slocum's, so father says. The deacon is his uncle."

"I hope he isn't like his uncle, then," said Henry Frye. "The deacon always looks as stiff as a fence rail."

"I wish we were going to have Mr. Fairbanks here again this winter. He's a regular, tiptop teacher."

"So he is," said Henry.

"Mr. Taylor says it's the deacon's doing, getting his nephew appointed."

"Of course it was. Mr. Fairbanks was willing to teach. I wish we could have had him. He used to go out at recess, and play ball with us sometimes."

"Could he play well?" asked Julius.

"I bet he could. Do you see that tree over there?"

"Yes."

"Well, he knocked a ball as far as that one day."

"He must have been pretty strong in the arms," said Julius, measuring the distance with his eye.

"He was that."

"Did he ever lick the boys?"

"No; he didn't need to. We all liked him, and didn't give him any cause."

"Maybe this teacher will be a good one."

"I hope so; but I know he isn't as good as Mr. Fairbanks."

"Isn't that he, coming up the hill?" asked Teddy Bates.

"It must be," said John Sandford. "He bends backward just like the deacon. Tall, too; looks like a May pole."

Forty pairs of eyes scanned with interest the advancing figure of the schoolmaster. He was very tall, very thin, with a pimply face, and bright red hair, and a cast in his right eye. He would hardly have been selected, either by a sculptor or an artist, as a model of manly beauty; and this was the impression made upon the youthful observers.

"Ain't he a beauty?" said Henry Frye, in a low voice.

"Beats the deacon all hollow," said John Sandford; "and that's saying a good deal."

"He's got the family backbone," said Julius, who had been long enough in the town to become well acquainted with the appearance of most of the inhabitants.

"That's so, Julius."

By this time the teacher had come within a few feet of his future scholars.

"Boys," said he, majestically, "I am Mr. Slocum, your teacher."

The boys looked at him, and two of the younger ones said, "Good-morning."

"You will at once enter the schoolhouse," said the new teacher, with dignity.

"Isn't the bell going to ring?" asked Henry Frye.

"Yes. On the whole, you may wait for the bell."

He entered the schoolhouse, and a minute later reappeared at the door ringing the bell violently.

Probably few persons are the objects of more critical attention than a new teacher, for the pupils who are to be under his charge. It is to many an embarrassment to be subjected to such close scrutiny, but Mr. Theophilus Slocum rather liked it. He had an exceedingly high opinion of himself, and fancied that others admired him as much as he admired himself. Of his superior qualifications as a teacher he entertained not the slightest doubt, and expected to "come, see and conquer." He had taught small schools twice before, and, although his success was far from remarkable, he managed to keep the schools through to the end of the term.

Such was the teacher who had undertaken to keep the winter term of the principal school in Brookville.

Mr. Slocum took his place at the teacher's desk, solemnly drew out a large red handkerchief, and blew a sonorous blast upon his nose, and then began to speak.

"Boys and girls," he commenced, in a nasal voice, "I have agreed to teach this school through the winter. They wanted me in two or three other places, but I preferred to come here, in order to be near my venerable relative, Deacon Slocum. I expect you to make great improvement, considering how great will be your advantages. When I was a boy I used to take right holt of my studies, and that's the way I have rose to be a teacher." (Significant looks were exchanged between different scholars, who were quick to detect the weakness of the speaker.) "I was not raised in this State. I come from Maine, where I graduated from one of the best academies in the State. I come out here, hoping to advance the cause of education in the West. I don't think all the best teachers ought to stay in the East. They ought to come to the great West, like I have, to teach the young idea how to shoot. Now, boys and girls, that's all I've got to say, except that I mean to be master. You needn't try to cut up any of your pranks here, for I won't allow it. I will form the classes, and we will begin."

For an hour and a half the new teacher was engaged in classifying the scholars. Then came recess, and on the play ground, as may well be supposed, not a few remarks were made upon the new teacher, and his speech.

"He's a conceited jackass," said John Sandford. "You'd think, to hear him talk, that we had no good teachers in the West till he came."

"He'd better have stayed where he came from," said Henry Frye. "I don't believe they wanted him in two or three other places."

"I wish he had gone to one of them, for my part. I wouldn't cry much. How much better Mr. Fairbanks was!"

"I should say he was," said Tom Allen. "You wouldn't catch him making a jackass of himself by making such a speech."

"I hope he knows something," said Julius, "for I want to learn."

"I don't believe he does," said John. "When a man talks so much about what he knows, I think he's a humbug. Did you hear what he said about taking right 'holt'? It seems to me a teacher from one of the best academies in Maine ought to know better."

"He puts on airs enough," said Tom Allen. "If he expects he's going to tread us under foot, he'll find himself mistaken."

Tom Allen was the largest boy in school—large-framed and muscular, through working on a farm. He was tractable if treated justly, but apt to resist if he felt that any attempt was being made to impose upon him. He was a little dull, but tried to improve. He was a scholar whom it was the interest of the teacher to secure as a friend, for he could render very efficient assistance in case of trouble. He was not particularly pleased with

the tone of the new teacher's opening speech, regarding it as unnecessarily aggressive, as well as betraying not a little self-conceit. He had been a trusted supporter of Mr. Fairbanks, who had patiently endeavored to clear up difficulties in his lessons, and, not being naturally quick, he encountered them often. It would have been well if Mr. Slocum had understood the wisdom of conciliating him; but the new teacher was very deficient in good judgment and practical wisdom, and was by no means as well versed as he pretended to be in the studies which he had undertaken to teach. It was a proof of his want of tact that he had begun his career by threatening the school, and parading his authority very unnecessarily.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FIRST-CLASS HUMBUG.

Julius found, to his great satisfaction, that he was placed in a class of boys of his own age and size, and that the lessons assigned were not beyond his ability to learn. Teddy Bates, on the other hand, who had had no opportunity of increasing his knowledge since his departure from New York, was placed in the lowest class. He was astonished to find his old companion so far above him.

"How did you do it, Julius?" he asked at recess.

"I have been studying at home ever since I came here. Mr. Taylor helped me."

"You didn't know no more'n I do when you came out here."

"That's so, Teddy."

"You must have studied awful hard."

"That's because I wanted to make up for all the time I'd lost. I was a reg'lar know-nothing when I began."

"Like me," said Teddy.

"You haven't had the same chance I have," said Julius, wishing to save the feelings of his friend.

"I've had to peg shoes all day. I didn't get no time to study."

"Never mind, Teddy. You've got a chance now. Do the best you can, and if you get stuck, I'll help you."

"What a lot you must know, Julius! You're in the highest class. Do you think you can get along?" asked Teddy, with newborn respect for his friend on account of his superior knowledge.

"I ain't afraid," said Julius, confidently. "You can work your way up, too, if you try."

"I ain't as smart as you are, Julius."

"Oh, yes, you are," said our hero, though he secretly doubted it, and with good reason. There was no doubt that Julius surpassed his friend, not only in energy, but in natural talent.

The boys soon discovered that their new teacher was by no means equal in scholarship to the favorite whom he had superseded. Notwithstanding he had graduated, as he asserted, at one of the most celebrated academies in Maine, he proved to be slow at figures, and very confused in his explanations of mathematical principles. It may be well to let the reader into a little secret. Mr. Slocum had passed a few months at an academy in Maine, without profiting much by his advantages; and, having had very indifferent success in teaching schools of a low grade at home, had come out West by invitation of his uncle, under the mistaken impression that his acquirements, though not appreciated in the East, would give him a commanding position at the West. He was destined to

find that the West is as exacting as the East in the matter of scholarship.

Mr. Slocum betrayed his weakness first on the second day. Frank Bent, a member of the first class, went up to him at recess with a sum in complex fractions.

"I don't quite understand this sum, Mr. Slocum," he said. "Will you explain it to me?"

"Certainly," said the teacher, pompously. "I dare say it seems hard to you, but to one who has studied the higher branches of mathematics like I have, it is, I may say, as easy as the multiplication table."

"You must be very learned, Mr. Slocum," said Frank, with a grave face, but a humorous twinkle in his eye.

"That isn't for me to say," said Mr. Slocum, complacently. "You know the truth shouldn't be spoken at all times. Ahem! what sum is it that troubles you?"

"This, sir."

"Yes, I see."

Mr. Slocum took up the arithmetic, and looked fixedly at the sum with an air of profound wisdom, then turned back to the rule, looked carefully through the specimen example done in the book, and after five minutes remarked: "It is quite easy, that is, for me. Give me your slate."

He worked on the sum for the remainder of the recess, referring frequently to the book, but apparently arrived at no satisfactory result.

"Do you find it difficult, sir?" asked Frank, mischievously.

"Certainly not," said the teacher; "but I think I see why it is that you didn't get it."

"Why, sir?"

"Because the answer in the book is wrong," replied Mr. Slocum. "Ahem! I have discovered other errors before. I believe I will write to the publishers about it. Really, it ought to be corrected in the next edition."

"Thank you, sir," said Frank, amused; for he didn't credit the statement about the error.

"What do you think Slocum says?" he said in a whisper to Julius, who sat at the same desk with him.

"What is it?"

"He says the answer to the fifth sum is wrong in the book, and he is going to write to the publishers about it."

"The fifth sum! Why, I've done it, and got the same answer as is in the book."

"How did you do it?"

"Just like the rest. It's easy enough. I'll show you."

"I see," said Frank. "The teacher worked on it for ten minutes, and then couldn't get it. I guess he don't know much."

"I don't see anything hard about it," said Julius. "All you've got to do is to follow the rule."

"I'll tell him you did it when we recite. See what he'll say."

"First class in arithmetic," called Mr. Slocum.

The boys took their places.

"Our lesson to-day treats of complex fractions," said Mr. Slocum, pompously. "Does any boy know what complex means?"

"Difficult," suggested one boy.

"Not exactly. It means complicated. That is, they are puzzling to ordinary intellects, but very simple to those who have studied the higher branches of mathematics, such as algebra, geometry, triggerometry"—this was the way the teacher pronounced it—"and so forth. I have studied them all," he added, impressively, "because I have a taste for mathematics. Many of you wouldn't be able to understand such recondite studies. I will now ask each of you to give the rule. Julius, you may give it first."

The rule was correctly recited by each member of the class.

"That is very well," said Mr. Slocum, blandly. "I will now explain the way in which the sums are done."

Mr. Slocum went to the blackboard, and, keeping the book open, did the sum already done in the book, giving the explanation from the page before him.

"You see that there seems to be no difficulty," he said, with an air of superior knowledge. "I have, however, detected an error in the fifth sum, about which one of the class consulted me during recess. The book is evidently

wrong, and I propose to write to the publishers, and acquaint them with the fact."

Here Frank Bent raised his hand.

"What is wanted?" asked the teacher.

"Julius Taylor has done the sum, and gets the same answer as the book."

"Julius, do I understand you to say that you got the same answer as the book?" demanded Mr. Slocum, rather discomposed. "I am afraid," he added, severely, "you copied the answer out of the book."

"No, I didn't," said Julius, bluntly.

"You may go to the board, and perform the problem, and explain it after you get through," said the teacher.

Julius went to the board, and did what was required; writing down at the close the same answer given in the book.

"Now elucidate it," said Mr. Slocum, who, like many superficial persons, thought that the use of long and uncommon words would impress others with an idea of his learning.

Julius had never heard the word before, but he supposed it must mean "explain," and accordingly explained it—so well, that even Mr. Slocum understood the operation, and perceived that it was correct. It was rather an awkward situation, to admit that a pupil had succeeded where he had failed; but Mr. Slocum was equal to the emergency.

"Ahem!" he admitted, "you are correct. I did the sum by a recondite process which is in use in the higher branches of mathematics, and I probably made a mistake in one of the figures, which led to a different result. The method in the book is a much more simple one, as I explained to you a short time ago. Frank Bent, you may take the next sum and do it on the board."

It so happened that Frank, who was not very strong in arithmetic, made a mistake, and got a wrong answer.

"My answer doesn't agree with the book," he said.

Mr. Slocum looked at the operation; but, though his face wore an expression of profound wisdom, it was too complex for him. He was, however, thoroughly up in the science of sham.

"You have made a mistake," he said, sagely. "Can any boy point it out?"

Julius raised his hand, greatly to the relief of the teacher.

"Julius, you may come up to the board, and point out the right method of performing the sum."

Our hero did so; thereby affording information to the teacher, as well as to his classmates.

"Very well," said Mr. Slocum, patronizingly. "Julius, you do me credit. Bent, do you understand the sum now?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must pay more attention next time. You can't

do anything without attention and talent. When I was a student at one of the most celebrated educational institutions in Maine, I was noted for my attention. When the principal handed me the first prize at the end of the term, he said to me: 'Theophilus, you have gained this testimonial by your attention and natural talent.' I am sorry that I left the prize at my home in Maine. It would give me pleasure to show it to you, as it might encourage you to go and do likewise. We will now go through the remaining sums. John Sandford, you may try the sixth sum."

So the recitation proceeded. In spite of his pompous words, the scholars began to suspect that the new teacher was a first-class humbug. There is reason to believe that they were not very far from the truth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. SLOCUM'S STRATEGY.

"I don't believe Mr. Slocum knew how to do that sum," said Frank Bent, at noon. "He got off by saying that he did it in another way; but I saw him looking at the rule about forty times when he was trying to do it. If you hadn't done it on the board, he would have been caught."

"Listen, boys," said John Sandford, "I'll put you up to a good joke. We shall have the rest of those sums to-morrow. We'll all pretend we can't do them, and ask him to explain them to us. Do you agree?"

The boys unanimously agreed.

"As he will be most likely to call on you, Julius, you must be the individual to ask him for an explanation."

"All right," said Julius, who enjoyed the prospect of cornering the teacher.

Accordingly at recess Julius went up to the teacher gravely, and said, "Mr. Slocum, will you tell me how to do this sum?"

"Ahem! let me see it," said the teacher.

He took the book and read the following example:

"If seven is the denominator of the following frac-

tion, nine and one-quarter over twelve and seven-eighths, what is its value when reduced to a simple fraction?"

Now this ought not to present any difficulty to a teacher; but Mr. Slocum had tried it at home, and knew he could not do it. He relied upon some one of the scholars to do it on the board, and as he decided in his own mind, from his experience of the day before, that Julius was most to be relied upon, he was dismayed by receiving such an application from our hero.

"It is rather a difficult example," he said, slowly. "Have you tried it?"

"Yes, sir."

Julius had tried it, and obtained the correct answer; but this he did not think it necessary to mention.

"Then you had better go to your desk and try again."

"Won't you explain it to me, sir?"

"I have not time," said Mr. Slocum. "Besides, I think it much better that you should find out for yourself."

"It's isn't easy to get ahead of him," thought Julius; "but when the class comes up, we'll see how he'll get off."

To tell the truth, though he had got off for the time being, Mr. Slocum was rather disturbed in mind. He could not do the sum, and it was possible he would be called upon to explain it to the class. How should he conceal his ignorance? That was an important ques-

tion. He did not suspect that a trap had been laid for him, but supposed the question had been asked in good faith.

At length the time came, and the class were called upon to recite.

"Julius Taylor," said the teacher, "you may go to the board and do the eleventh example."

"I'll try, sir," said Julius.

He went up to the board and covered it with a confused mass of figures; finally bringing out the answer one hundred and eleven over eight hundred and forty-six.

"I haven't got the same answer as the book, Mr. Slocum," he said.

"You have probably made some mistake in the figures," said the teacher.

"I am not sure that I have done it the right way, sir."

Mr. Slocum scanned with a look of impressive wisdom the confused figures on the board, and said: "You are right in principle, but there is an error somewhere."

"Would you be kind enough to point it out, sir?" asked Julius, demurely.

"Is there any one in the class who has obtained the correct answer to this sum?" asked the teacher, hoping to see a hand raised.

Not one of the class responded.

"You may all bring up your slates and do it at the

same time, while Julius does it again on the board," he said.

Five minutes passed, and by agreement every one announced a wrong answer. The boys thought Mr. Slocum would now be forced to explain. But the pedagogue was too wise to attempt what he knew was impossible.

"I see," said the teacher, "that these sums are too difficult for the class. I shall put you back at the beginning of fractions."

This announcement was heard by most of the boys with dismay. Many of them could only attend school in the winter, and wanted to make as much progress as they could in the three months to which they were limited. Among the most disappointed was Julius. He saw that his practical joke on the teacher was likely to cost him dear, and he resolved to sacrifice it.

"I think I can do it now, sir," he said. "I have just thought of the way."

"Very well," said Mr. Slocum, much relieved; "you may do it."

Our hero at once performed the sum correctly, obtaining the same answer as the book.

"I've got it," he said.

"You may explain it to the class," said the teacher.

Julius did so.

"That is the result of perseverance," said Mr. Slocum. "I was always persevering. When I was connected with

a celebrated institution of learning in the State of Maine, the principal one day said to me: 'Theophilus, I never knew a more persevering boy than you are. You never allow any difficulties to stand in your way. You persevere till you have conquered them.' Once, at the end of the arithmetic—a more difficult one than this—there was a very hard example, which none of the other boys could do; but I sat up till one o'clock at night and did it. Such are the results of perseverance."

"May we go on where we are?" asked Julius, "and not go back to the beginning of fractions?"

"Yes," said Mr. Slocum, "since you have shown that you can persevere. I could easily have explained the sum to you at once; but what good would it have done you? You could not have done the next. Now that you have got it out yourself, I think I am justified in letting you advance."

So Mr. Slocum triumphed; but not one of the class credited his statement. It was clear to all that he had been "stuck," and did not dare attempt the sum for fear of failing.

"You had to back down, and do the sum after all, Julius," said Frank Bent.

"Yes; I didn't want the class put back to the beginning of fractions."

"The master was pretty well cornered. I wondered how he would get out."

"I hope he knows more about other things than arithmetic."

"I wish we had Mr. Fairbanks back again. He had the whole arithmetic by heart. There wasn't a sum he couldn't do; though he didn't brag about it, like Mr. Slocum. He knew how to explain so a feller couldn't help understand him."

In the afternoon Mr. Slocum had another chance to boast. This time it was about his travels, which, by the way, were limited to his journey from Maine, by way of New York. But the city of New York, in which he spent two days, had impressed him very much, and he was proud of having visited it.

"What is the largest city in the United States, Julius?" asked the teacher; though this question was not included in the lesson.

"New York."

"Quite correct. New York is indeed a vast city. I am quite familiar with it, having spent some time there not long since. I expect you have not any of you had the privilege of visiting this great city." Here Julius and Teddy Bates exchanged glances of amusement.

"New York contains a great variety of beautiful edifices," continued Mr. Slocum, complacently. "I used often to walk up Broadway, and survey the beautiful stores. I made some purchases at the store of the cele-

brated A. T. Stewart, whom you have heard of frequently."

Mr. Slocum's extensive purchases to which he alluded consisted of a handkerchief, for which he paid fifty cents.

"It is very beneficial to travel," continued Mr. Slocum. "It enlarges the mind, and stores it with useful information. We cannot all travel, for travel is expensive; but I think teachers ought to travel, as it enables them to illustrate lessons in geography by their own observations in distant cities and remote lands."

Here Frank Bent raised his hand.

"Will you tell us some more about New York, sir?"

Mr. Slocum was flattered; and with a preliminary flourish proceeded: "I am glad you desire to acquire information; it is a very laudable ambition. I stopped at one of the finest hotels in New York, located on Chatham Avenue, a broad and fashionable thoroughfare, lined with stately stores."

Here Julius and Teddy found it difficult to repress their laughter, but by an effort succeeded.

"Did you go to the Grand Duke's Oprea House?" Julius asked, raising his hand.

"To be sure," said Mr. Slocum, supposing it to be a fashionable place of amusement. "It is an elegant structure, worthy of the great city in which it is erected. I never visited Europe, but I am told that none of the

capital cities of the Old World can surpass it in grandeur."

This was intensely amusing to Julius, who remembered the humble basement in Baxter Street, described in our early chapters, as the "Grand Duke's Oprea House." He concluded that Mr. Slocum's knowledge of New York was about on a par with his knowledge of complex fractions.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. SLOCUM AS AN ORATOR.

"Next Wednesday afternoon the boys will all speak pieces," Mr. Slocum announced. "You may select any pieces you please. At the celebrated institution in Maine, from which I graduated, we used to speak pieces every week. You may be interested to know that your teacher gained a great reputation by his speaking. 'Theophilus,' said the principal to me one day, 'I never had a student under my instruction who could equal you in speaking. There is no one who can do such justice to Daniel Webster, and other great orators of antiquity. You are a natural orator, and eloquence comes natural to you.' This was a high compliment, as you will agree; but it was deserved. The principal put it to vote whether a prize should be offered for speaking, but the students voted against it; 'for,' they said, 'Slocum will be sure to get it, and it will do us no good.' I hope, boys, you will do your best, so that I may be able to compliment you."

The scholars were not a little amused at this illustration of their teacher's self-conceit, which was quite in keeping with previous exhibitions of the same weakness.

"I wish Mr. Slocum would favor us with a specimen of his declamation," said John Sandford, at recess.

"He must be a regular steam engine," said Walter Pratt; "that is, according to his own account."

"The principal of the celebrated institution in Maine thought a good deal of Theophilus," said Julius.

"What a phenomenon he must have been!" said Tom Allen. "He appears to have stood first in everything."

"But he seems to forget easy," said Frank Bent. "Complex fractions are too much for him."

"Well, how about asking him to speak?" resumed John Sandford. "Who goes in for it?"

"I," said Julius.

"And I."

"And I."

"Who shall go up and ask him?"

"Go yourself, John."

"All right, boys. I'll do it, if you say so. But I am afraid I can't keep a straight face."

So John went back into school just before the bell rang, and approached the teacher's desk.

"What's wanted, Sandford?" said Mr. Slocum.

"The boys want to know, Mr. Slocum, if you will be willing to speak a piece for us on Wednesday. You see, sir, we never heard any good speaking, and we think it would improve us if we could hear a good speaker now and then."

As may be inferred from his habit of boasting, Mr. Slocum was very accessible to flattery, and listened graciously to this request. John was perfectly sober, though he was laughing inside, as he afterward said; and the teacher never dreamed of a plot to expose and ridicule him.

"You are quite right, Sandford," said he, graciously; "it would undoubtedly be very beneficial to you, and I will look over one of my old pieces, and see if I can remember it. I am glad to see that the boys are anxious to improve in the important branch of declamation."

John carried to the boys the news of his success, which was received with a great deal of interest. Though most of the boys thought it irksome to commit a piece to memory, and had no ambition to become orators, all went to work willingly, feeling that they should be repaid by hearing the "master" speak.

"Speaking" was new business to Julius. During his very brief school attendance in New York he had not been sufficiently advanced to declaim, and he felt a little apprehensive about his success. He chose an extract from one of Webster's speeches, and carefully committed it, reciting it at home to Mr. Taylor, from whom he received several suggestions, which he found of value. The result was that he acquitted himself quite creditably.

"I wonder whether the master 'll speak first," said John Sandford, and there were others who wondered

also; but Mr. Slocum had not announced his intentions on this point. But when the scholars were assembled on Wednesday afternoon, he said: "I have promised you that I will give you this afternoon a specimen of my speaking, and I have selected one of the pieces that I was distinguished for, when I was connected with one of the most celebrated institutions in the State of Maine. I will wait, however, until you are all through, as I do not like to discourage you in your inexperienced efforts. I will wind up the speaking by ascending the rostrum after your declamation is finished."

One after another the boys spoke. One boy, of thirteen, rather inappropriately had selected the well-known little poem, commencing

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

"That piece is rather too young for you," said Mr. Slocum, when he had taken his seat. "I remember speaking that piece when I was two years old. I was considered a very forward baby, and my parents were very proud of me; so they invited some company, and in the course of the evening they stood me up on a table, and I spoke the piece you have just listened to. Even now I can remember, though it is so long ago, how the company applauded, and how the minister came up to me, and, putting his hand on my head, said: 'Theo-

philus, the day will come when your father will be proud of you. You will live to be a credit to the whole Slocum family.' Then he turned to my father, and said: 'Mr. Slocum, I congratulate you on the brilliant success of your promising son. He is indeed a juvenile "progedy" '—this was Mr. Slocum's word—" 'and the world will yet hear of him.' Such was my first introduction to the world as an orator, and I have always enjoyed speaking from that time. I hope that some of my pupils will also become distinguished in the same way."

"I wish he'd speak that piece now," whispered Julius to his next neighbor.

"Isn't he a conceited jackass?" was the reply.

"He must have been a beautiful baby," said Julius, comically.

"A regular phenomenon in petticoats."

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Mr. Slocum, sternly.

"Julius said he wished you would speak that piece you spoke when you were two years old."

"It wouldn't be appropriate," said the teacher, seriously. "I like best now to declaim the sonorous sentences of Daniel Webster and Patrick Henry. If I should ever enter public life, as my friends have tried at times to persuade me, I think I should adopt their style. Frank Bent, it is your turn to speak."

At last the scholars had all spoken, and in expectant silence Mr. Slocum's "piece" was awaited by the boys.

"Boys," he said, arising with dignity, and advancing to the platform, "I should like to speak a piece from Webster; but I have forgotten those I once knew, and I will favor you with one of a lighter character, called 'The Seminole's Reply.' "

Mr. Slocum took his place on the rostrum, as he liked to call it, made a low bow to the boys, struck an attitude, and began to declaim at the top of his voice. The first two stanzas are quoted here, in order to show more clearly the character of Mr. Slocum's declamation:

"Blaze, with your serried columns!
I will not bend the knee!
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low,
And when it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow!

"I've seared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty!
The paleface I defy!
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle cry!"

No fault could be found with Mr. Slocum on the score of animation. He exerted his voice to the utmost,

stamped with his foot, and when he came to "the arm which now is free," he shook his first at the boys in a most savage way. But his most effective gesture occurred in the second line of the second verse, where, in illustrating the act of scalping, he gathered with one hand his luxuriant red hair, and with the other made a pass at it with an imaginary tomahawk.

The boys cheered vociferously, which encouraged Mr. Slocum to further exertions. Nothing could exceed the impressive dignity with which he delivered the concluding half of the fourth stanza:

"But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red
And warns ye, Come not here!"

The gravity of the boys, however, was endangered by a too appropriate gesture. When Mr. Slocum wished to designate the scalp of vengeance as still red, he pointed to his own hair, which, as has been said, was of a decided red tint.

The two concluding lines of the poem, as many of my readers, to whom it is familiar, will doubtless remember, are these:

"But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath its wave."

This Mr. Slocum illustrated by going through the mo-

tions of swimming with his hands, much to the delight of the boys.

When the orator had concluded his effort, and with a low bow resumed his seat, the boys applauded uproariously. Mr. Slocum's vanity was flattered, and he arose to acknowledge the compliment.

"Boys," he said, "I am glad to find that you appreciate my efforts to instruct you. Don't be discouraged because you cannot yet speak as well as I do. Keep on in your efforts. Let your motto ever be *Excelsior!* and the time will perhaps come when you will receive the applause of listening multitudes. The school is now dismissed."

"Wasn't it rich, Julius?" asked John Sandford, when they were walking home. "I never wanted to laugh so much in all my life. But the best of it was about the red scalp."

"You're envious, John. That's the reason you ridicule Mr. Slocum's speaking. I'm afraid you'll never be as great an orator as he is."

"I hope not," said John.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. SLOCUM'S PANIC.

Had Mr. Slocum become in after years a distinguished man, and in due time a biography had been called for, some one of the scholars who had the great privilege of receiving his instructions would have been admirably qualified, so far as information went, to perform the task of writing it; for, as we have seen, the teacher took frequent occasion to illustrate points that came up in the day's lessons by narratives drawn from his own personal experience. One day, for instance, when in the class in geography a certain locality was spoken of as abounding in bears, Mr. Slocum indulged in a reminiscence.

Laying down the book on his desk, he said: "I myself once had an adventure with a bear, which I will narrate for your entertainment."

Mr. Slocum's stories were always listened to with close attention, in the confident expectation that they would be found to redound greatly to his credit. So the boys looked up, and exhibited a gratifying interest on the part of the class.

"You must know," said the teacher, "that we have extensive forests in Maine, in some of which wild animals

are to be found. One day, when a mere boy, I wandered into the woods with some of my school companions. We were hunting for squirrels. All at once an immense bear walked around from behind a tree, and faced us, not more than fifty feet away. Most of the boys were frightened, for we had no guns with us. We knew that if we climbed the trees the bear could climb after us. So, as they looked upon me as a leader, they turned to me, and said, 'Theophilus, what shall we do? The bear will kill us,' and one of the smallest boys began to cry. But I was not frightened," continued Mr. Slocum, impressively. "I was always noted for my presence of mind even as a boy.

" 'Don't be frightened, boys,' I said, 'I will save you.'

"I had heard that nearly all beasts are afraid of the human eye. So I advanced slowly toward the savage beast, fixing my eye sternly upon him all the while."

Here Mr. Slocum glared upon the boys, by way of illustrating the manner in which he regarded the bear.

"The result was what I expected. The bear tried to sustain my steady gaze, but in vain. Slowly he turned, and sought the solitudes of the forest, leaving us in safety. When my companions found that they were saved, they crowded around me, and said, with tears in their eyes, 'Theophilus, you have saved our lives!' When we returned home," Mr. Slocum added, complacently, "the fame of my bravery got about, and the

parents of the boys clubbed together, and bought a gold medal, which they presented to me out of gratitude for what I had done."

"Have you got it with you, sir?" asked one of the class.

"I am sorry to say that I have not," answered the teacher. "I was afraid I might lose it, and so I left it on deposit in a bank, before I left Maine for the West."

"Do you believe that bear story, John?" asked Julius, of John Sandford, when they were walking home from school together.

"No, I don't."

"Nor do I."

"The fact is, Mr. Slocum is the biggest blower I ever met with. I don't believe half the stories that he tells about himself. If they were true, he would be, I think, one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. I don't believe he's as brave as he pretends."

"Suppose we find out."

"How can we?"

"Has he ever seen your bear?"

"I don't think he has. We never let it out into the road."

"Can't we manage to have him fall in with the bear some evening, John?" asked Julius. "It would be fun to see him try to stare the old fellow out of countenance."

"That's a splendid idea, Julius. I'm in for it, but I don't see exactly how we can manage it."

"I'll tell you. He goes by your house sometimes in the evening, doesn't he?"

"Yes. He told me once he walked in order to commune with Nature."

"Well, I propose that he shall commune with the bear once, by way of variety."

"Tell me what to do, and I will do it."

"Have the bear close by, and just after he has passed let him out—the bear, I mean. Then run by Mr. Slocum, appearing to be in a great fright, and tell him there's a bear after him."

"Good!" said John, shaking with laughter. "But you must help me."

"So I will."

"It will be easier for one reason," said John. "I have taught the bear to run after me, and as soon as he sees me ahead he will begin to run too."

"Let it be to-morrow evening. What time does Mr. Slocum go by?"

"About seven o'clock."

"I'll be around at your house then at half-past six."

"Would you tell the rest of the boys?"

"Not till afterward. If they come around, and there is a crowd, we may not be able to carry out our plan."

"He'll be mad with us when he finds out our game."

"Let him be mad. We'll look him in the eye, and he'll turn tail and flee."

* * * * *

The next evening two boys might have been seen crouching behind the wall bordering a large field belonging to Mr. Sandford. The bear was peacefully reclining beside them. From time to time the boys took observations, with a view to discover whether the enemy was in sight.

"I am afraid he isn't coming," said Julius. "That would be a joke on us."

"He can't be so mean, when we have made such preparations to receive him."

"I think he would if he only knew what they are."

"Hush! there he is."

In the distance the stately figure of the teacher was seen, walking with dignified composure. Mr. Theophilus Slocum always walked as if he felt that the eyes of the world were upon him. He realized that he was a personage of no little importance, and that it behooved him to shape his walk and conversation accordingly.

The hearts of the boys beat high with anticipation. At length they heard the teacher go by.

"Now for it!" said Julius.

"Now is the time to try men's soles!" said John. "Can you run?"

"You'll see."

Through an opening they emerged into the road, followed by the bear. Mr. Slocum was now about fifty feet in advance.

"Now scream!" said Julius.

The boys uttered a shriek, and began to run at the top of their speed. The bear, as he had been trained, tried to keep up with them. Mr. Slocum turned around, and saw the fleeing boys, and behind them the huge, unwieldy bear getting rapidly over the ground. He knew it was a bear, for he had once seen one at a menagerie.

"Oh, Mr. Slocum, save us!" implored Julius, appearing greatly frightened.

"There's a bear after us," chimed in John. "Don't let him kill us."

Now the teacher had never heard of Mr. Sandford's bear. He was not aware that one was kept in the village. He supposed that this one had strayed from the forest, and was dangerous. Alas! that I should record it—instead of bravely turning, and facing the animal, Theophilus turned pale with terror, and exerting his long limbs to the utmost, fled incontinently, shooting ahead of the boys, whom he didn't pause to rescue, coattails flying, and, having lost his hat in his flight, with his red hair waving in the wind.

When John and Julius saw the tall figure speeding before them, and saw the panic into which their eminent

instructor had been thrown through their mischievous means, a sense of the ridiculous so overcame them that they sank down in the path, convulsed with laughter. But Mr. Slocum didn't see this, for he never stopped till he had run half a mile, when he bolted into the village store, panting and out of breath, and answered the eager inquiries of the men who were congregated there, by giving an alarming account of a ferocious bear which had closely pursued him for two miles.

"Is it Sandford's bear?" asked one of his auditors.

"Does Mr. Sandford keep a bear?" asked Theophilus.

"Yes; he has a large one. But it is quite tame. It wouldn't hurt a child."

"Why," said the teacher, bewildered, "Mr. Sandford's son, John, was running away from him. Julius Taylor was with him. They told me that a bear was after them, and asked me to save them."

Mr. Slocum was hardly prepared for the laugh which followed. The joke was understood at once.

"I think, Mr. Slocum," said the storekeeper, "that the boys were playing a trick upon you. They probably let out the bear just after you passed by. You didn't stop to save them, did you?"

"No," stammered Theophilus, beginning to look foolish, for he, too, understood the joke now, and saw that it would be hard to reconcile his conduct this evening with his bravery as a boy.

For almost the first time in his life he had absolutely nothing to say. He left the store, and retraced his steps in the hope of finding his hat. In this he was successful, but neither John, Julius, nor the bear was visible. The boys were in Mr. Sandford's barn, laughing over the joke, and beginning to wonder whether Mr. Slocum would say anything about it in school the next day.

CHAPTER XXI.

A REVOLUTION IN SCHOOL.

Mr. Slocum was terribly annoyed by what had happened. It seemed impossible to explain his flight in any way that would reflect credit upon himself. He could not pretend that it was all a joke, for he had shown himself too much in earnest in the village store, where he had taken refuge, for this to be believed. Though not remarkable for sense, Mr. Slocum knew that if he should undertake to punish Julius and John for their agency in the affair, he would only give it greater publicity. He felt a strong desire to do this, however, and would have derived great comfort from flogging them both. Finally he decided not to refer to the matter in school, and in this decision he was unusually discreet.

Of course Julius and John did not keep the matter secret. When Mr. Slocum came up the school-house hill, the next morning, there was not a scholar in the school who had not heard of his adventure, and the teacher, in his hurried glance at his pupils, detected a look of sly meaning, which revealed to him the fact that all was known. Julius and John were among the rest, looking very demure and innocent. Mr. Slocum saw them, too, out of the corner of his eye, and he deter-

mined to seize the first chance that presented itself of flogging each.

The school opened. Julius was doubtful whether any reference would be made to the bear. He rather expected a speech, but Mr. Slocum disappointed him. He heard the classes as usual, but refrained from making any remarks of a biographical character. His self-complacency had been severely disturbed, and he looked severe and gloomy.

He watched Julius and John, hoping to detect something in their conduct which would justify him in punishing them; but they, too, were unusually quiet, as rogues are apt to be just after a successful trick.

At length, however, something happened which led to an explosion.

Tom Allen, who has been described as the oldest and largest boy in school, sat directly behind Julius. He was not a brilliant scholar, but he had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and had been very much amused by the account of the teacher's narrow escape from Mr. Sandford's bear. He had a little taste for drawing, of which he occasionally made use. After finishing his sums, having a few idle moments, he occupied himself with drawing on his slate a caricature of Mr. Slocum pursued by the bear. There was enough resemblance in the portraits, both of the man and the animal, to make the sub-

ject of the picture unmistakable. It was, as was natural, slightly caricatured, so that the effect was ludicrous.

Desiring his effort to be appreciated, he passed the slate to Julius, who sat in front of him. Our hero was easy to make laugh, and he no sooner cast his eyes over the picture than he burst into audible laughter. This was the occasion that Mr. Slocum had been waiting for. Laughter was against the rules of the school—it was disorderly—and would give him an excuse for the punishment he was so strongly desirous of inflicting. He strode to the desk of Julius while the latter was still looking at the slate. Mr. Slocum, too, saw it, and his fury was increased, for he recognized the subject only too well.

Seizing Julius by the collar, he jerked him out upon the floor, saying, in a voice of concentrated passion: "So, sir, you are drawing pictures instead of studying. I'll give you a lesson."

"I didn't draw it," said Julius.

"I'll flog you for telling a lie," exclaimed the excited teacher.

Julius was about to repeat his disclaimer, but it was made unnecessary. Tom Allen arose quietly in his seat, and said: "Julius is perfectly right, Mr. Slocum; he didn't draw the picture."

"Who did, then?" asked the teacher, pausing in his contemplated punishment.

"I did," said Tom, coolly. "If you want to punish anybody for doing it, you'll have to punish me."

This was very disagreeable intelligence for Mr. Slocum. Tom Allen was a stout, broad-shouldered, immensely powerful young fellow, standing five feet ten inches in his stockings. There are few teachers who would not have fought shy of punishing, or attempting to punish, such a formidable scholar. Mr. Slocum was disconcerted at the interruption, and did not care about undertaking such a doubtful job. Neither did he want to release Julius from his clutches. He knew that he could punish him, and he meant to do it. A lucky thought came to him.

"I do not punish him for drawing the picture," he said, "but for disturbing the order of the school by laughing at it."

"I couldn't help laughing at it," exclaimed our hero.

"Nor could any of the other scholars," said Tom Allen; and taking the slate from the desk before him, he held it up, and exhibited it to the other scholars. It was recognized at once, and there was a general shout of laughter.

Mr. Slocum looked about him with an angry scowl, and his temper was fairly aroused, so that he became, to a certain extent, regardless of consequences.

"I won't let you off," he said to Julius, tightening his grasp on the boy's collar.

"What are you punishing him for?" asked Tom Allen, quietly.

"For laughing out in school."

"The rest of the scholars have done the same. Are you going to punish them, too?"

"I shall punish some of them," said the teacher, with a smile of complacent malice. "John Sandford laughed loudest. His turn will come next."

By this time it was very clear to all present what the two boys were to be punished for. The laughing was only a pretext. They were to be flogged for their participation in the practical joke of the day before.

"Mr. Slocum," said Tom Allen, "I am the greatest offender. The boys only laughed, but I drew the picture."

"You did not laugh," said Mr. Slocum, uneasily.

"Still, if anybody is to be punished, I am the one. Here is my hand. You may ferule me, if you like."

Tom Allen's hand was hardened by labor, and he would not have minded the feruling in the least. But Mr. Slocum had no desire to ferule Tom. His animosity was not excited against him, but against Julius and John. He wanted to punish them, and so wipe out the grudge he had against them.

"I don't choose to punish you," said Theophilus, "though you have been guilty of inciting disorder."

"Why not?" asked Tom. "I shall not resist; that is, if you only ferule me."

"There is no need of giving my reasons," said Mr. Slocum, stubbornly. "I have on more than one occasion noticed the insubordinate spirit of Julius Taylor and John Sandford; and it is due to myself that I should punish them, and I intend to do it now."

He was preparing to punish Julius, and evidently would not have spared the rod to spoil the child, when Tom Allen interfered again.

"Mr. Slocum," said he, stepping out from behind the desk, "I've got a word to say in this matter. You shall not punish Julius!"

"What!" roared Theophilus, almost foaming at the mouth. "Do you know whom you are talking to?"

"I know that I am talking to a man in a passion, who wants to do an injustice," said Tom. "I am willing to do what's right, and I have offered to let you ferule me; but I won't stand by and see an innocent boy suffer for what he couldn't help."

"You are a rebel! I will expel you from school!" exclaimed Mr. Slocum.

"I won't go," said Tom, "as long as there are boys here who need my protection. I have got Julius into a scrape, and I won't let him be punished for my fault. That's all I've got to say."

"And this is what I've got to say," retorted the furious

teacher, bringing down the rod on the shoulders of Julius, who was struggling in his grasp.

Then Tom Allen thought it was time to act. He tore the rod from Mr. Slocum's grasp, and flung it to the other side of the room. The astonished teacher loosened his grasp, and Tom, forcibly drawing him away, told him to take his seat. Then Mr. Slocum lost all prudence. His face fiery with rage, he pitched into Tom Allen, and there was a rough-and-tumble fight, in which Tom had the best of it. At this most unlucky time one of the trustees, the Rev. Mr. Brandon, entered the schoolroom on a visit of inspection, and stood appalled at the spectacle before him.

"Good heavens! Mr. Slocum, what does this mean?" he ejaculated.

Mr. Slocum started as if he had been shot, and turned his perturbed countenance toward the trustee.

"It means that there is a rebellion in school," he said.

An immediate inquiry was instituted, and Mr. Brandon was at last made acquainted with the circumstances.

"I think, Mr. Slocum," he said, "you had better dismiss the school, and I will call a meeting of the trustees for this evening at my house. I will ask you to be present; also four of your scholars, including Thomas Allen, Julius Taylor, and any two others whom you may select."

It needs only to be said that, it being made clear to

the trustees that Mr. Slocum was incompetent to teach the school, taking into consideration his literary qualifications alone, he was recommended to resign; and next week, to the joy of the scholars, Dexter Fairbanks, the former popular teacher, was installed in his place.

Mr. Slocum did not remain long in Brookville. Whether he went farther West, or returned to Maine, was not ascertained, and few of his pupils cared to inquire.

CHAPTER XXII.

AN INDIAN'S REVENGE.

After Mr. Fairbanks assumed charge of the school there was no further trouble. He was a teacher of large experience, good judgment, and a happy faculty of imparting what he knew. He was not a man of extensive acquirements, but he was thoroughly versed in all the branches he was required to teach. Though he never boasted of his remarkable achievements, like his predecessor, his pupils had far greater confidence in his knowledge.

Julius learned rapidly under his care. After the winter term was over Mr. Fairbanks was induced to open a private school by those who thought the more of him from comparing him with his predecessor; and to this school Julius also was sent. But, though his progress was steady, no events of interest call for mention here. He became popular with his schoolfellows, distinguishing himself in the playground as well as the classroom. Nearly all the street phrases which he carried to the West with him dropped away, and only now and then did he betray the manner of his former life.

Having written so much to let my readers know how Julius was advancing, I pass to describe a character

who has something to do with my story. Though no tribe of Indians was settled near Brookville, single representatives of the race, from time to time, visited the village—occasionally with baskets of beadwork to sell, occasionally in the less honorable character of mendicant. Most were subject to the curse which civilization brought with it to these children of the forest, namely, the love of strong drink; and a large portion of whatever money they received was spent for what the Indian appropriately calls fire water.

It was on a day in the following summer that a tall Indian, wrapped in a dirty blanket, presented himself at the back door of Mr. Taylor's house. His features were bloated, and clearly indicated his habits. His expression otherwise was far from prepossessing, and the servant, who answered his call, looked at him rather uneasily, knowing that her mistress, herself and little Carrie were alone in the house. Mr. Taylor had gone to a neighboring town and taken Julius with him, while Abner was in the fields.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Money," said the Indian, laconically.

"I have no money," she answered. "I will give you something to eat."

"Want money," repeated the Indian.

"I'll go and ask my mistress," said Jane.

Mrs. Taylor, on being informed of the matter, went

herself to the door. Little Carrie's curiosity had been aroused, and she asked if she might go too. As there seemed to be no objection, Mrs. Taylor took the little girl by the hand, and presented herself at the door.

"Are you hungry?" she asked, of her dusky visitor.

"No; want money," was the reply.

"I am not in the habit of giving money at the door. My husband does not approve of it," she answered.

"Go ask him," said the Indian.

"He is not at home," she answered, incautiously; "but I am sure he would not be willing to have me give you any money."

As soon as she had admitted the absence of her husband she realized her imprudence. There was a scarcely perceptible gleam of exultation in the eye of the Indian as he heard what was so favorable to his purpose. A man would be in his way, but a woman he could frighten.

"Must have money; must have two dollar," he reiterated.

"What do you want money for?" asked Mrs. Taylor.

"Buy rum—good!"

"Then I am sure I shall give you none. Rum is bad," said Mrs. Taylor.

"It makes Indian feel good."

"It may for the time, but it will hurt you afterward."

I will give you some meat and some coffee. That is better than rum."

"Don't want it," said the Indian, obstinately. "Want money."

"You'd better give it to him, ma'am, and let him go," said Jane, in a low voice.

"No," said Mrs. Taylor; "Mr. Taylor is very much opposed to it. The last time I gave money he blamed me very much. If he is not satisfied with coffee and meat I shall give him nothing."

"Ugh! Ugh!" grunted the Indian, evidently angry.

"I'm afraid of him, mamma. He's so ugly," said Carrie, timidly, clinging to her mother's hand.

"He won't hurt you, my darling," said Mrs. Taylor.

But the Indian had caught the little girl's words, and probably understood them. He scowled at her, and this terrified the child still more.

"Will you have some coffee?" Mrs. Taylor asked once more.

"No; rum."

"I have no rum to give you."

"Money."

"Neither shall I give you money."

The Indian emitted a guttural sound, probably indicating dissatisfaction, and turned slowly away.

"I am glad he is gone," said Mrs. Taylor. "I don't like his looks."

"Is he a bad man?" asked Carrie.

"I don't know, my dear, but he likes to drink rum."

"Then he must be bad."

"He's the worst lookin' Indian I ever see," said Jane. "I don't want to set my eyes upon him again. He ought to be ashamed, goin' round askin' for money, a great, strong man like him. Why don't he work?"

"Indians are not very fond of working, I believe, Jane."

"If he wants money, he might make baskets."

"Why didn't you tell him so?"

"I was afraid to. He looked so wicked."

So the subject was dismissed. They supposed that the Indian was gone, and that they would not hear from him again. But they had forgotten that the red man is quick to take offense, and is revengeful by nature. They did not suspect that he was even then planning a revenge which would strike anguish into the heart of all in the household.

The Indian had not gone away, as they supposed. He was still hovering about the house, though he carefully avoided observation. He had been greatly incensed at the persistent refusal of Mrs. Taylor to supply him with rum, or the means of purchasing it. Years before he had become a slave to the accursed fire water, and it

had become a passion with him to gratify his thirst. But it could not be obtained without money, and money was not to be had except by working for it, or by begging. Of these two methods the Indian preferred the last.

“Work is for squaws!” he said, in a spiteful and contemptuous manner. “It is not for warriors.”

But John, as he was sometimes called, did not look like the noble warriors whom Cooper describes. He was a shaggy vagabond, content to live on the alms he could obtain from the whites in the towns which he visited. As for lodgings, he was forced to lie down in his blanket wherever he could find the shelter of a tree or a forest.

The sight of the child had suggested to John a notable revenge. He could steal the little child, who had called him an ugly man—an expression which he understood. Thus he could wring the mother’s heart, and obtain revenge. There would be little danger of interference, for he knew that Mr. Taylor was away.

Mrs. Taylor and Carrie went back to the sitting-room where the mother resumed her sewing, and Carrie began to play with her blocks on the floor. Neither of them suspected that, just outside, the Indian was crouching, and that from time to time he glanced into the room to watch his chances of carrying out his plan.

By and by Carrie grew sleepy, as children are apt

to do in the hot summer afternoons, and when they are tired.

"Lie down on the sofa, my darling," said her mother.

"So I will, mother," said Carrie. "I am very hot and sleepy."

She lay down, and her mother tenderly placed a cushion under the little, weary head.

Soon Carrie was wrapped in the deep, unconscious sleep of childhood. The Indian, with a look of satisfaction, beheld her repose, as he stole a glance through the window.

Soon Mrs. Taylor thought of a direction she wished to give Jane. Glancing at little Carrie, she left the room, knowing that the child would not miss her.

No sooner had she left the room than the Indian, who had been waiting for this, sprang in through the open window, clasped the unconscious child in his arms, whose slumber was too profound to be disturbed even by this action, and in a moment was out on the lawn, speeding rapidly away with the little girl in his arms.

Suspecting no harm, Mrs. Taylor remained absent for fifteen minutes, then returning, her first glance was at the sofa, where she had left Carrie. Her heart gave a sudden bound when she discovered her absence. But even then she did not suspect the truth. She thought the child might have waked up, and gone upstairs.

"Carrie! Carrie!" she called out, in the greatest uncertainty and alarm.

But there was no answer.

She summoned Jane. and together they hunted high and low for the little girl, but in vain.

Then first a suspicion of the truth came to her.

"The Indian has carried her off!" she exclaimed in anguish, and sank fainting to the floor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KIDNAPPED.

The Indian was fleet-footed, like most of his race. After obtaining possession of the child, he struck across the fields, for on the public road he would have been liable to be seen and stopped. Little Carrie was in the deep sleep of childhood, and did not awake for some time. This of course was favorable to his design, for he had over a mile to go before he reached the woods, in which the instinct of his race led him to take refuge. It was not till a stray twig touched her cheek that the little girl awoke.

Opening her eyes, her glance rested on the dark face of the Indian, and, as might have been expected, she uttered a shriek of terror. At the same time she tried to get away.

"Put me down," she cried in her fright.

"Not yet," said the Indian.

"Where are you taking me, you ugly Indian? I want to go to my mamma."

"No go," said the Indian.

"I want to go home," said Carrie; and she renewed her efforts to get away.

"No go home. Stay with John," said the Indian.

"I don't want to stay with you. Take me home."

"No take home," said the Indian; but he put her down, tired perhaps with carrying her.

Carrie looked about her bewildered. All about her were thick woods, and she could not see her way out. She did not know in what direction lay the home to which she was so anxious to return, but she thought it might be in the direction from which they had come. She started to run, but in an instant the Indian was at her side. He seized her hand in his firm grasp, and frowned upon her.

"Where go?" he asked.

"Home to my mamma."

"No go," said he, shaking his head.

"Why did you take me away from my mamma?" asked the poor child.

"Bad woman! No give poor Indian money," responded the savage.

"Take me home, and she will give you money," urged the child.

"Not now. Did not give before. Too late," responded John.

"Are you going to keep me here? Will you never take me home?" asked Carrie, overwhelmed with alarm.

"Little girl! stay with Indian; be Indian's pickaninny."

"I don't want to be a pickaninny," said Carrie. "Poor

mamma will be so frightened. Did she see you take me away?"

"No. She go out. Leave child asleep. Indian jump through window. Take little girl."

When Carrie understood how it was that she had been kidnapped, she felt very much frightened; but even in her terror she felt some curiosity about the Indian, and his mode of life.

"Where is your house?" she asked. "Is it here in the woods?"

"All places, under trees."

"What! do you sleep under trees, without any roof?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you build a house?"

"Indian live in wigwam."

"Then why don't you live in a wigwam?"

"My wigwam far away—over there," and he pointed to the north.

"Where will you sleep to-night?"

"Under tree."

"Then you must take me home, I can't sleep under a tree. I would catch my death of cold. So mamma says."

"Must stay. Get used to it. Indian make bed of leaves for pickaninny."

"I don't want to sleep on leaves. I want to sleep in my little bed at home."

"Come," said John; and he dragged the child forward.

"Where are you taking me? Oh, carry me home!" pleaded Carrie.

"Stop!" said the Indian, sternly. "No cry, or I kill you."

Carrie stopped, in greater fear than ever. The stern face of her companion made it not improbable that he might carry out the fearful threat he had uttered. So she checked her audible manifestations of grief, but the tears still coursed silently down her cheeks.

"What will mamma say, and papa—and Julius?" This was the thought that continually occupied her mind. Would she never see these dear ones again? Must she spend all her life with the wicked Indian? At any rate, when she got to be a woman—a great, strong woman, and knew her way about, she would run away, and go home. But there would be a good many years first. She wondered whether her skin would turn red, and she would look like the Indians. Then her father and mother would not know her, and would send her back again to live with the Indians. Altogether, however groundless some of her fears might be, little Carrie was very miserable and unhappy.

Meanwhile the Indian strode along. The little girl was forced at times to run, in order to keep up with

her companion. She began to feel tired, but did not dare to complain.

At length they stopped. It was at a place where the Indian had spent the previous night. A few leaves had been piled up, and the pile was arched over by some branches which he had broken off from the surrounding trees. It was a rude shelter, but was a little better than lying on the bare ground.

He turned to the little girl, and said, "This Indian's house."

"Where?" asked the child, bewildered.

"There," he said, pointing to the pile of leaves. "Suppose pickaninny tired; lie down."

Carrie sat down on the leaves, for she did feel tired, and it was a relief to sit. Had Julius been with her, or her father, she would have enjoyed the novel sensation of being in the heart of the woods, knowing that she would be carried home again. But with the Indian it was different. Her situation seemed to her very dreadful, and she would have cried, but that she had already cried till she could cry no more.

The Indian gathered some more leaves, and threw himself down by her side. He looked grave and impassive, and did not speak. Carrie stole glances at him from time to time, but also kept silence. She felt too miserable even to repeat her entreaties that he would take her home.

But a child cannot always keep silence. After an hour she mustered courage to accost her fearful companion.

"Are you married? she asked.

The Indian looked at her, and grunted, but did not reply.

"Have you got a wife?"

"Had squaw once—she dead," answered John.

"Have you got any little girls like me?"

"No."

"I wish you had," sighed Carrie.

"What for you wish?"

"Because, then you would let me go to my papa. If you had a little girl, you would not like to have any one carry her off, would you?" and the little girl fixed her eyes on his face.

He grunted once more, but did not reply.

"Think how sorry your little girl would be," said Carrie:

But the Indian was not strong in the way of sentiment. His feelings were not easily touched. Besides, he felt sleepy. So he answered thus: "Little girl no talk. Indian tired. He go sleep."

So saying, he stretched himself out at length on the leaves. But first he thought it necessary to give the child a caution.

"Little girl stay here," he said. "Sleep, too."

"I am not sleepy any more," said Carrie.

"No go way. Suppose go, then Indian kill her," he concluded, with a fierce expression.

"You wouldn't be so wicked as to kill me, would you?" said Carrie, turning pale.

"Me kill you, if go away."

Carrie implicitly believed him; and, as she did not know her way about, she would not have dared to disobey his commands. Then all at once there came another fear. The evening before Julius had read her a story of a traveler meeting a lion in the forest, and narrowly escaping with his life. It is true the forest was in Africa, but Carrie did not remember that. She did not know but that lions were in the habit of prowling about in the very forest where she was. Suppose one should come along while the Indian was asleep. She shuddered at the thought, and the fear made her speak.

"Are there any lions in this wood?" she asked.

"Why ask?" said the Indian.

"If one came while you were asleep, he might eat me up."

The Indian was quick-witted enough to avail himself of this fear to prevent the child's leaving him.

"Suppose one come; you wake me. Me kill him."

"Then there are lions here?" she repeated, terror-stricken.

"Yes. Suppose you go away. Maybe meet him; he kill you."

"I won't go away," said Carrie, quickly. "Are you sure you could kill one, if he came?"

"Yes; me kill many," answered the Indian, with a disregard of truth more often to be found among civilized than barbarous nations.

Poor Carrie!—her sensations were by no means to be envied, as she sat by the side of the sleeping Indian, agitated by fears which, to her, were very real. On the one side was the Indian, on the other the lion who might spring upon her at any minute. From time to time she cast a terrified glance about her in search of the possible lion. She did not see him; but what was her delight when, as a result of one of these glances, she caught sight of a boy's face—the face of Julius—peeping from behind a tree!

She would have uttered a cry of joy, but he put his hand to his lips, and shook his head earnestly. She understood the sign, and instantly checked herself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

FOUND.

Mr. Taylor and Julius had reached home about twenty minutes after Mrs. Taylor's discovery of the disappearance of her little girl. The former was not a little startled, when his wife, pale and with disheveled hair, ran out to meet them.

"What is the matter, Emma?" he asked hastily.

"Oh, Ephraim, our poor child!"—and the poor mother burst into tears.

"What has happened to her? Is she sick?" he asked, anxiously.

"She's gone."

"Gone! What do you mean?" he asked, utterly at a loss to understand his wife's meaning.

"An Indian has carried her off. I shall never see her again;" and Mrs. Taylor burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"Tell me how it all happened, as quickly as possible," said the father. "I don't understand."

After a time he succeeded in obtaining from his wife an account of the Indian's application, and the revenge which followed her refusal to supply him with money.

"Oh, I wish I had given him what he asked! I would

rather give all I had, than lose my little darling. But I knew you did not want me to give money to strangers," sobbed Mrs. Taylor.

"You did right, Emma. Whatever the consequences, you did right. But that is not the question now. We must immediately go in search of our lost child. Julius, call Abner."

Abner was at the barn, having just returned from the fields. He came back with Julius.

"Abner," said Mr. Taylor, after briefly explaining the case, "we will divide. You go in one direction, and I in another. Have you got a gun?"

"Yes, Mr. Taylor."

"Take it; you may need it. I have another."

"Have you got one for me?" asked Julius.

"Do you know how to fire a gun?"

"Yes, sir; Abner showed me last week."

"I am afraid even with one you would be no match for an Indian. I cannot give you a gun, but I have a pistol in the house. You shall have that."

"I'll take it," said Julius. "Perhaps I shall be the one to find Carrie."

"Take it, and God bless you!" said the father, as he brought out a small pistol, and placed it in the hands of Julius. "Be prudent, and run no unnecessary risk."

The three started in different directions, but it chanced that Julius had selected the right path, and,

though he knew it not, was on the track of the Indian and the lost child, while Abner and Mr. Taylor started wrong.

There had been some delay in getting ready, and altogether the Indian had a start of nearly an hour. On the other hand, he was incumbered with the weight of the child, which had a tendency to diminish his speed. Again, Julius ran a part of the way. He knew little of the Indians from personal observation, but he had read stories of Indian adventure, and he concluded that the captor of little Carrie would take to the woods. He therefore struck across the fields for the very woods in which the little girl was concealed.

He wandered about at random till chance brought him to the very tree from behind which he caught sight of the object of his search, under the guardianship of the sleeping Indian. His heart gave a bound of exultation, for he saw that circumstances were favorable to her rescue. His great fear was that when she saw him she would utter a cry of joy, which would arouse the sleeping savage. Just at this moment, as described in the last chapter, Carrie espied him. Fortunately she caught his signal, and checked the rising cry of joy. She looked eagerly toward Julius, to learn what she must do. He beckoned her to come to him. She arose from her leafy seat cautiously, and moved, with a caution which danger taught her, toward our hero. He had

the satisfaction of taking her hand in his, and of observing that her movements had not been heard by her savage companion, who was so tired that he still slept.

"Come with me, Carrie," he whispered, "and make as little noise as possible."

"Yes, Julius," said the little girl, whispering in reply. "Where is papa?"

"He came after you, too; but he did not take the right road."

"How did you know where I was?"

"I guessed at it, and I guessed right. Don't make any noise."

"Yes, Julius."

So they walked hand in hand. Julius hurried his little companion, for he feared that the Indian would awake and pursue them. If he did so, he was by no means sure that he could defend her. His pistol was loaded, but it had but one barrel, and when it was discharged, he would be completely defenseless.

"Has the Indian got a gun?" he asked, in a whisper.

"I didn't see any," said Carrie.

Then he felt more easy in mind. If hard pressed, he would at least be able to fire one shot.

But there was another difficulty. He had not come directly to the place where he had found Carrie, but had wandered about in different directions. The result was that he didn't know his way out of the woods.

"Do you know which way you came, Carrie?" he asked, in some perplexity.

"No, Julius. I didn't wake up till I was in the woods."

"I don't know my way. I wish I could fall in with your father or Abner."

"What would you do if you met a lion?" asked Carrie, anxiously.

"There are no lions here."

"The Indian said so. He said they would eat me if I ran away."

"That was only to frighten you, and prevent your escaping."

"Then are there no lions?"

"No, Carrie. The Indian is the worst lion there is in the woods."

"Let us go home quick, Julius," said Carrie, clasping his hand tighter in her fear.

"Yes, Carrie; we will keep on as fast as we can. We will go straight. If we keep on far enough, I am sure we must get out of the woods. But I am afraid you will get tired."

"No, Julius. I want to go home."

So they kept on, Julius looking anxiously about him and behind him, fearing that the Indian might have waked up, and even now be in pursuit of his little captive.

He had reason for his fear. The slumbers of the savage were light, and, though they had not been interrupted by the flight of Carrie, he roused himself about ten minutes later. He turned slowly around, expecting to see her sitting on the pile of leaves. Discovering that she was gone, he sprang to his feet with a cry of rage and disappointment. He was surprised, for he had supposed that she would be afraid to leave him.

He instantly formed the determination to get her back. Without her his revenge would be incomplete. Besides, it would be mortifying to his pride as a warrior that a little child should escape from him, thus getting the better of him.

He was broad awake now, and his senses were on the alert. With Indian quickness he tracked the footsteps of the little girl to the tree. Thus far it seemed that she had run away without assistance. But at this point he found another trail. He stooped over, and carefully scrutinized the track made by our young hero, and it helped him to a conclusion.

"Boy," he muttered. "Small foot. Come when Indian sleep. No matter. Me catch him."

A white man would have obtained no clew to guide him in the pursuit of the fugitives; but the Indian's practiced skill served him. With his eyes upon the ground, marking here a print, and there a slight pressure on the scattered leaves, he kept on his way, sure of success.

CHAPTER XXV.

JULIUS BECOMES A CAPTIVE.

Julius was still wandering about in uncertainty, holding Carrie by the hand, when the Indian came in sight of him. Stealthily creeping up, he seized our hero by the shoulder before he realized that the enemy was upon him. He had no time to draw his pistol, nor did he deem it prudent to do so now, as the Indian could easily wrest it from him, and turn it against him.

"Me got you!" exclaimed the savage, in accents of fierce exultation.

Little Carrie uttered a dismal cry when she looked up and saw that her dreaded captor was near.

"Don't be frightened, Carrie," said Julius, soothingly, though, to tell the truth, he felt rather uncomfortable himself.

"What do you want?" he demanded, putting a bold face on.

"Want little girl," answered the Indian.

"I am taking her home. Her father sent me for her."

"No matter; no go," said the Indian, frowning.

"What good will it do you to keep her?" asked

Julius, though he suspected argument would be of no avail.

"No matter; come!" said the savage, and he seized Carrie by the hand.

"Oh, Julius, don't let him carry me off," said Carrie, beginning to cry.

"We must go, Carrie," said our hero, in a low voice. "Perhaps he will let us go after a while."

"But I want to go to mamma!" said the little girl, piteously.

"No go. Mother bad," said the Indian.

"She isn't bad," said Carrie, forgetting her fear in her indignation. "She's good. You are bad."

"Hush, Carrie!" said Julius, who foresaw that it would not be prudent to provoke the savage.

"You come, too," said the Indian to Julius. "What for you steal little girl?"

Julius felt that he might with great propriety have put this question to his companion, but he forebore. He was trying to think of some way of escape.

The Indian plunged into the thick wood, holding Carrie by the hand. Julius followed close after him.

"So it seems," he said to himself, "instead of recovering Carrie I am caught myself. I wish Mr. Taylor and Abner would come along. We should be too much for the Indian, then."

This gave him an idea. He took a piece of paper quietly from his pocket, and wrote on it:

"I am with Carrie and the Indian. He is leading us into the middle of the wood. I will drop pieces of paper here and there on the way. JULIUS."

This he dropped casually in the path, without the knowledge of the Indian.

"There," he said to himself; "if either of them comes this way, it may be the means of saving us."

But though John did not observe this, he did notice the pieces of paper which Julius dropped, and he was sharp enough to detect his motive for doing this.

"What for drop paper?" he demanded, seizing Julius roughly by the shoulder.

Julius knew that it would be of no use to equivocate, and he answered, manfully. "To let Mr. Taylor know where we are."

"Umph!" grunted the Indian. "Pick up."

Julius was forced to pick up all the bits of paper he had scattered, but the original one containing the message he left where it lay.

"Now come."

The Indian made Julius go in front, and the three went on till they reached the pile of leaves where Carrie and the Indian had rested before.

The Indian resumed his reclining position, and made Julius and Carrie sit down also. Our hero, who still

had the pistol, was in doubt whether to use it, but a moment's reflection satisfied him that it would be of no use. If he wounded the Indian, the latter in his rage might kill them both. Another idea came to him. He had heard from Mrs. Taylor that the Indian had demanded money, and had probably taken offense because it was not given him. He had two dollars in his pocket. If he should give this to their captor, he would probably be eager to invest it in "fire water," and this would make it necessary to go to the village. While he was absent Carrie and he could start again on their way home.

Upon this hint he spoke.

"Let us go," he said, "and I will give you money."

As he spoke he drew four silver half-dollars from his pocket.

"Give me," said the Indian, his dull eye lighting up.

Julius surrendered them, but said, "Can we go home?"

"No go," said the Indian. "Stay here."

Our hero expected nothing better. Still he felt disappointed.

By and by the anticipated effect was produced. The Indian was eager to exchange the money for drink, but he did not want his captives to escape.

He arose to his feet, and approached Julius.

"Come," he said.

He took the wondering boy by the shoulder, and placed his back against a tree.

"What is he going to do?" thought our hero, rather alarmed.

He was not long left in uncertainty.

The Indian drew from some hiding place in his raiment a stout cord, and proceeded dexterously to tie Julius to the tree.

"Don't hurt him!" exclaimed Carrie, terrified, thinking that something dreadful was going to be done to Julius.

The Indian did not deign to reply, but proceeded to perform his task so thoroughly that Julius felt uncomfortably cramped.

When it was accomplished, the Indian turned to go.

"Go 'way," he said. "Soon come back. Stay here."

Julius felt that he was likely to obey the command, as there was not much chance of his breaking his bonds. But there was one hope yet that somewhat encouraged him.

"Feel in my pocket, Carrie," he said, "and see if I have a knife."

Carrie obeyed, but the search was unavailing.

"How unlucky!" said Julius. "I usually have it with me, but I remember leaving it in my other pants. If I only had it, you could cut the string, and we could escape."

"Do you think he will keep us always, Julius?" asked Carrie, disconsolately.

"No, Carrie; I will find a way to get you home, before long," said Julius in a tone that expressed more cheerfulness than he felt.

"It's provoking," he thought, "to be tied up here, when there is such a good chance to escape. I'll never go without a knife again. I didn't think how much good it might do me."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE RESCUE.

Meanwhile Mr. Taylor and Abner had pursued the search in vain. From opposite directions they met at the entrance to the wood.

"Have you found no traces of Carrie, Abner?" asked the father, anxiously.

"No, sir," said Abner.

"Have you met Julius?"

"No, sir."

"I, too, have been unsuccessful; but I am impressed with the belief that my dear child is somewhere in this wood."

"Very likely, sir. It would be nat'ral for an Indian to make for the woods; that is, if he's got her."

"I am afraid there is no doubt of that," sighed Mr. Taylor. "Do you think he would hurt her, Abner?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, I reckon not. He'd keep her to get money out of you."

"I would rather give half my fortune than lose my darling."

"It won't be necessary to go as high as that, Mr. Taylor. Most likely he's got her in here somewhere.

If we go together, we'll be too much for the red rascal."

"Come on, then, and may God speed us."

So they entered the wood, and plunged deeper and deeper into its gloom. By and by Abner's attention was drawn to a white fragment of paper, half concealed in the grass. Elsewhere it would not have been noticed, but in the woods it must evidently have been dropped by some one.

He picked it up, and glanced at it.

"Hurrah!" he shouted. "It's the boy's handwriting."

"What boy?"

"Julius."

"Give it to me, quick," said Mr. Taylor.

"Read it out loud," said Abner, almost equally interested.

Mr. Taylor read:

"I am with Carrie and the Indian. He is leading us into the middle of the wood. I will drop pieces of paper here and there on the way."

"Bully for Julius!" said Abner. "We've got the Indian now, sure."

"I am glad he is with Carrie. She would be so frightened," said Mr. Taylor.

"That's true. She thinks a heap of Julius."

"He is a good boy—quick-witted, too, or he wouldn't have thought of the paper."

"I don't see the scraps of paper he told about," said Abner, who had been very anxiously peering about him.

"It may be that he was afraid to drop them, lest it should attract the Indian's attention," said Mr. Taylor, coming very near the truth.

"Maybe so. There is another way we can track them."

"How is that?"

"Noticing where the grass and sticks are trodden over. That's the Indian way. We'll fight the red man in his own way."

"Well thought of, Abner. Your eyes are better than mine. Lead the way, and I will follow."

Abner was sharp-sighted, nor was he wholly ignorant of the Indians and their ways; and thus it was that he led the anxious father almost directly to the place where Carrie and Julius were waiting in fear and anxiety for the Indian's return.

Abner spied them first.

"There they are!" he exclaimed, "and the Indian isn't with them."

Unable to control his impatience, Mr. Taylor, with a cry of joy, rushed to the spot, and in a moment his beloved little daughter, Carrie, was in his arms.

"My dear little girl," he said, kissing her again and again, "I thought I had lost you altogether. Were you very much frightened?"

"I was so frightened, papa, till Julius came. I didn't mind it so much then."

Meanwhile Abner was loosening the cord by which our hero was tied.

"I s'pose the redskin did this," said he. "Looks like his work."

"Yes; he liked my company so much he didn't want to let me go," said Julius.

"Where is he?"

"Gone to the village to buy rum, I expect."

"Where did he get his money?"

"I offered him money to let Carrie and me go, but he took it, and then tied me up here. That's what I call mean."

"So do I," said Abner; "but he'll find the bird flown when he gets back, I reckon."

"The birds, you mean."

"Julius," said Mr. Taylor, grasping the hand of our hero, now released from his uncomfortable situation, "you have earned my heartfelt gratitude. But for you my darling would still be in the power of that miserable Indian."

"I didn't do much," said Julius, modestly. "I only managed to get taken, too."

"It was the paper which you had the forethought to drop that led us here."

"Did you find it?" asked Julius, eagerly. "Then it did some good after all. I was afraid it wouldn't. The Indian saw me dropping bits of paper, and he was sharp enough to know what it meant. He made me pick them up, but I left the paper with writing on it. He didn't see that."

"That's the way I thought it was," said Mr. Taylor. "I told Abner you were prevented from giving us the clew, as you promised."

"Well, it's all right now," said Julius. "Our copper-colored friend will have to dispense with our company to-night."

"We must be getting home," said Mr. Taylor. "Your mother is terribly anxious about you, Carrie. Are you tired?"

"Yes, papa; the Indian made me walk so fast."

"I will take you in my arms, my poor child. He shan't get hold of you again."

"I'll take her part of the time, Mr. Taylor," said Abner.

But the glad father did not seem to feel the weight of his recovered treasure. Quickly they retraced their steps, and when they came near the house Mrs. Taylor ran out to meet them, clasping Carrie to her bosom with grateful joy. It was a day of thanksgiving, for the lost had been found.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JULIUS BUYS A HOUSE.

An hour later the Indian was found drunk by the roadside. After procuring a supply of liquor with the money which he had taken from Julius, he set out on his return to the woods, but stopped from time to time to drink. His potations were so deep that he was finally incapable of proceeding farther.

His agency in kidnapping little Carrie having become known, he was arrested, and brought before a justice. The magistrate sentenced him to a month's imprisonment, assuring him that when it was over it would not be expedient for him to visit the neighborhood again. The savage endured his imprisonment with the stoicism characteristic of his race, and on the day of his release departed, and was not seen again in Brookville.

On the day succeeding Carrie's adventure, Mr. Taylor said to Julius, "I shall to-day place to your credit in the savings bank two hundred and fifty dollars, in acknowledgment of your service in rescuing my little girl, though it involved risk to yourself."

"Thank you, sir," said Julius, gratefully; "but I don't think I deserve so much."

"Let me be the judge of that."

"Abner did as much as I."

"Abner will not go unrewarded. I shall deposit a similar sum in the bank for him."

"Then, sir, I can only thank you for your kindness. I hope I shall deserve it."

"I hope and believe you will," said his patron, warmly. "Only keep on as you have begun, and you will win the respect and good-will of all."

Though Julius said little, this commendation gave him great satisfaction. Little more than a year before he had been a poor and ignorant street boy, the companion of two burglars, with no prospects in life except to grow up in ignorance, and perhaps vice. To-day he was a member of a family of social position, as well educated as most boys of his age, with every encouragement to keep on in the right path, worth three hundred dollars in money, and with a prosperous future before him.

"How fortunate I am," he thought. "It was a lucky thing for me when I made up my mind to come out West."

But his good fortune was not exhausted. One morning, a few months later, Mr. Taylor called him back as he was leaving the breakfast table.

"Julius," he said, "I want to speak to you on a matter of business."

"Yes, sir," said Julius, inquiringly.

"You have three hundred dollars in the savings bank."

"It is more now, sir, as some interest was added in January."

"Very true. Now, I am going to give you some advice about investing it."

"I shall be very glad to follow your advice, Mr. Taylor."

"This is what I have in view: You know Mr. Cathcart's place, about a mile from here?"

"Yes, sir."

"There is a small house and barn on the place, and about ten acres of land are connected with it. He is anxious to sell, as he has had a very good offer of employment in Minnesota. Now, I advise you to buy the place. It is sure to rise in value on account of its location. I should not be surprised if it doubled in value in five years."

"But," said Julius, rather bewildered, "he won't sell for three hundred dollars, will he?"

"No, probably not," answered Mr. Taylor, smiling.

"That is all the money I have."

"He asks fifteen hundred dollars, which is cheap for it, in my opinion."

"Then I don't see how I can buy it."

"Suppose he should be willing to take three hundred

dollars down, and the remainder at the end of a few years, you paying the interest in the meantime."

"Yes, I see," said Julius.

"The twelve hundred dollars would be secured by a mortgage, which you would eventually pay off."

Here Mr. Taylor explained to Julius, whose knowledge of real estate transactions was limited, the nature of a mortgage, and the laws relating to it.

"I should like to buy it, if you think best," said our hero, at length.

"Then I will arrange matters, as your guardian. By the time you are twenty-one, you will, I venture to say, be worth quite a little property."

"But what shall I do with the place?" asked Julius. "I can't go to live there."

"You may as well defer that till you are married," said Mr. Taylor; a suggestion which made Julius smile. "The proper course is to find a tenant for it. The rent will enable you to pay taxes and the interest on the mortgage, and probably yield you a profit beside. Even if not, you will be richly repaid in time by the increased value of the property."

No time was lost in effecting this transaction, as Mr. Cathcart was anxious to leave Brookville as soon as possible. The money was drawn from the savings bank, and almost before he knew it Julius found himself the owner of a house and outbuildings, and ten acres of

land. He went out to see it, and it gave him a peculiar feeling to think that he, late a ragged New York street boy, was now the proprietor of a landed estate.

"I wonder what Jack and Marlowe would say if they knew it," he thought. "It would make Marlowe mad, I know. He never at any time liked me very much, and now he hates me bad enough, I am afraid."

A week after the property passed into our hero's hands, a respectable-looking man called at Mr. Taylor's door. He was a young mechanic, a carpenter, who had recently established himself in Brookville.

"Take a seat, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Taylor, politely.

"I came on a little business," said the young man. "I would like to hire the Cathcart place. I hear you are the purchaser."

"You are perfectly right, Mr. Brown," said Mr. Taylor. "I purchased it, but it was in behalf of my ward Julius, here. You will have to speak to him about hiring it."

"Indeed!" said the young man. "I hope," turning to Julius, "you won't object to me as a tenant."

"I have so little experience as a landlord," said Julius, laughing, "that I don't quite know what to say. What rent are you willing to give?"

"I could afford to pay ten dollars a month."

"That is a fair price, Julius," said Mr. Taylor.

"Then I shall be glad to accept your offer," said Julius. "You can move in as soon as you please."

"That is satisfactory. I hope you will find me a desirable tenant."

"And I hope you will find me a good landlord," said Julius.

"I think we shall agree pretty well," said the young man. "After we get settled, we shall be glad to receive a visit from our landlord."

Julius laughingly agreed to call.

"It seems like a joke," he said afterward to Mr. Taylor, "my being a landlord. I don't know how to act."

"I hope it will prove a profitable joke, Julius," said Mr. Taylor. "I have reason to think it will."

"I think I will write to Mr. O'Connor and tell him how I am getting along," said Julius.

"Do so," said Mr. Taylor.

Julius wrote that very day, not without pride and satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BUSINESS JOURNEY.

We must now carry forward the story two years. It has been a profitable time for Julius. His excellent natural abilities, stimulated by ambition, have advanced him very considerably in the education which comes from books, while the hours spent in labor on the farm have strengthened his muscles, and developed his figure, so that he presents a strong contrast to the undersized and slender boy who came from the city streets in Mr. O'Connor's company. The effect of generous diet also may be seen in his improved looks. He would now be regarded as quite a good-looking boy, though he privately considers himself entitled to the more dignified appellation of a young man.

I am glad to be able to record that in other ways also he has improved. As a street boy, he was not wholly free from the errors common to his class. Now he has a regard for truth, and Mr. Taylor has come to have implicit confidence in his word. He has even come to feel a paternal interest in the once neglected waif, and treats him in all respects like a son. Little Carrie, too, calls him Brother Julius, and probably feels as much affection for him as if he were her own brother.

Thus happily situated, Julius is not troubled as to his real parentage. There is a mystery attending his origin, which he will probably never be able to solve. But he is content to regard Mr. and Mrs. Taylor as his parents, since they have allowed him to do so, and will always be known by the name of Julius Taylor.

Of course he has not forgotten his old associates, Jack Morgan and Marlowe. About two years after his arrival in Brookville a paragraph was copied into the county paper from the *New York Herald*, recording the daring attempts of these two criminals to escape from the prison at Sing Sing. Jack Morgan was caught and brought back, but Marlowe managed to make good his escape.

"I suppose," thought Julius, "Jack was too fat. He couldn't get over the ground as fast as Marlowe."

In this he was correct. Jack Morgan's size and clumsiness had interfered with his escape, while Marlowe, who was not so incumbered, got away.

"Marlowe would be glad to know where I am," said our hero to himself. "He'd like to punish me for getting him caught. But he isn't likely to find me out here. And even if he did, I think I can take care of myself better than I could when he knew me."

Julius surveyed his figure in the glass complacently as he said this. He was five feet eight inches in height, and weighed one hundred and fifty pounds. His arm was powerful; and though he could not contend on

equal terms with the tall burglar, he felt that the time would soon come when he could do so.

"I wonder if he'd know me now," thought our hero.

This question was soon to be solved, though Julius did not know it.

In the month of October Mr. Taylor proposed to Julius to set out on a collecting tour, among the towns in the neighborhood.

"I have claims against a dozen persons," he said, "which ought to be presented and paid. At present, however, it is not convenient for me to leave home. If you will take my place, it will be quite a relief."

"There is nothing I should like better," said Julius, elated at the prospect of a journey.

"I thought you might like it," said Mr. Taylor.

"I am glad you feel sufficient confidence in me to send me," said our hero.

"You have given me reason to confide in you," said Mr. Taylor, quietly. "You will judge of the extent of my confidence when I say that the bills which I shall give you to collect amount to a thousand dollars, or, perhaps, a little more."

"I will bring back every cent," said Julius, promptly.

"Every cent you succeed in collecting. I have no doubt of it. The only caution I have to give you is, to guard against being robbed. If it is supposed that

you have a considerable sum of money, you might be in danger of having it stolen."

"It'll take a smart thief to get it away from me," said Julius, confidently. "I didn't live fifteen years in the streets of New York for nothing. When do you want me to start?"

"To-morrow morning. I shall give you the horse and buggy, and we will plan the order of your journey to-night. You will stop at hotels, and expend whatever is needful. I will ask you only to keep an account of your expenses, to be submitted to me on your return."

"Very well, sir. How long do you expect me to be gone?"

"That will depend on how much success you meet with. I should think a week might be sufficient. If you find it necessary to stay longer, do so; but let me know from time to time what progress you make in your mission."

"Yes, sir, I'll write to you every day."

There are few boys of seventeen who would not have experienced pleasure in such an expedition. To have the command of a horse and buggy, to drive from town to town, putting up at hotels by night, would to most be a pleasant prospect. But Julius thoroughly understood that, however pleasant it might be, the motive of his journey was business; and he resolved to exert himself to the utmost in the interests of his guardian and benefactor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARLOWE.

Four days later Julius arrived about dusk in the village of Lawrenceburg. There was a citizen of this place against whom Mr. Taylor had given him a note to collect. He put up at the hotel, and after entering his name inquired where Mr. Philip Thompson resided.

"Two miles distant, on the Northcote road," said the landlord. "Have you business with him?"

Julius answered in the affirmative.

"If you want to go over there after supper, I will send my boy to show you the way."

"I think I will wait till morning," said Julius, who felt tired. "My business will wait till then."

There was a man sitting on the piazza of the tavern when Julius drove up. He was a tall man, rather shabbily built, with a slouching gait, who kept his eyes bent downward, while his face was partly shaded by a soft felt hat. Julius did not notice him, or rather did not do so particularly; but the stranger fixed his eyes eagerly on the boy's face, and started perceptibly, while a look partly of recognition, partly of hatred, swept over his countenance.

I do not intend to make this man's personality a mys-

tery. It was Dan Marlowe, the burglar, whom, three years before, Julius had been instrumental in trapping, and who, until within two or three months, had been confined in Sing Sing prison. His escape has already been referred to.

He had now two ends to accomplish. One was to elude capture, the other to revenge himself on Julius.

While in prison he had heard from a fellow-prisoner that Julius was somewhere in the West. He could not ascertain where. Till to-day he had no clew whereby he might discover him; when all at once chance brought him face to face with his young enemy. In spite of his growth he recognized the boy, for he seldom forgot a face; but, to make certainty more certain, he lounged into the office after Julius had recorded his name, and examined the signature.

"Julius Taylor," he repeated to himself. "The young cub has picked up another name since he left us. But it's he—it's the same Julius. I thought I couldn't be mistaken. His face is the same, though he's almost twice as large as he was. He little dreams that Dan Marlowe is on his track. I'd like to wring the boy's neck!" he muttered to himself. "He's cost me over two years in Sing Sing; and poor Jack's there yet."

Having satisfied himself, he went back to his seat on the piazza.

Pretty soon Julius came out, and gave a casual look

at Marlowe. But the latter had his hat pulled down over his eyes, and not enough of his features could be seen for our hero to distinguish him. Besides, Julius was not thinking of Marlowe. He had no reason to suspect that his old companion was in the neighborhood. If not caught, he supposed that he was somewhere in hiding in the city of New York, or nearby.

Marlowe did not, however, care to run even a small risk of discovery. He had not changed as much as Julius, and the latter might probably recognize him. So, finding that our hero had also seated himself outside, he quietly arose from his chair, and went out to walk.

"An ill-looking fellow," thought Julius, casually. "He looks like a tramp."

Marlowe strolled off at random, not caring where he went. His sole object was to keep out of the way of Julius. He went perhaps a mile, and then, turning into a field, sat down on the grass. Here he remained for a long time. He did not set out on his return till he judged that it was near ten o'clock. When he entered the inn, not Julius alone, but all the other guests had retired; for in the country late hours are not popular.

"We were just going to shut up, Mr. Jones," said the landlord.

Jones was the assumed name by which Marlowe now passed.

"I went out for a walk," said Marlowe, "and didn't know how time was passing, having no watch with me."

"You must like walking in the dark better than I do."

"I wasn't walking all the time," said Marlowe. "I had some business on my mind, and went out to think it over. Who was that young fellow that came about six o'clock?"

"Julius Taylor. He's from Brookville. Do you wish to know him? If so, I will introduce you to him."

"I only asked from curiosity," said Marlowe, carelessly.

"His room is next to yours, No. 8. Yours is No. 7."

This was what Marlowe wanted to know, and he heard the information with satisfaction. He proposed to make Julius a visit that night. What might be the result he did not stop to consider. He only knew that this was the boy to whom he owed two years of imprisonment, and that he would have him in his power. He did not ask himself what he should do. He did not consider whether he was about to endanger his own safety, and expose himself to the risk of recapture. His spirit was fierce and revengeful, and he had made up his mind to gratify it.

He called for a light, and ascended the staircase to his room, No. 7. He noticed the number over the door which Julius occupied, and outside he saw a pair of shoes, which had been left to be blacked.

"He's been prospering," he said to himself, gloomily, "while Jack and me have been shut up. He's had a good home, and good fare, and grown up to consider himself a gentleman; while me and Jack, that brought him up, have been confined like wild beasts. That's his pay for selling us to the cops. But the end is not yet. Marlowe's on his track, and this night there'll be a reckoning."

He sat down on the side of the bed and waited. He wanted to make sure that all were asleep in the inn, that he might carry out his dark designs without interruption.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONCLUSION.

Julius was tired, and fell asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. He slept so soundly that he did not hear Marlowe fumbling at the lock with some of the burglar's tools which he always carried with him. Curiously he was dreaming of his old life, when he was under the guardianship of Jack and Morgan, and Marlowe was a constant visitor. It seemed to him that the latter had been accusing him to Jack, and was threatening him with uplifted arm, when, all at once, he was aroused from sleep by a violent shaking, and, opening his eyes his first glance rested on the man of whom he had been dreaming.

He stared at him in bewilderment and alarm, but said nothing, such was his surprise.

"Well, boy," said Marlowe, growing impatient, "why are you staring at me so hard? Don't you know me?"

"Yes," said Julius, the spell broken, "you are Dan Marlowe."

"Did you see me downstairs?"

"Were you the man that was sitting on the piazza when I drove up?"

"Yes."

"I wish I had known it," thought Julius. "I should have been on my guard."

"It is some time since we met," said Marlowe.

"Yes, it is."

"And I suppose," he added, sneeringly, "you wish it had been longer."

"You are right there; I didn't care to see you again," returned Julius, boldly.

"I don't wonder at that, after your base treachery, you rascally hound!" said Marlowe, furiously. "Do you know how Jack and me spent the last two years?"

"In prison?" said Julius, hesitating.

"Yes; in prison, and we have you to thank for it. You might as well have turned against your own father as against Jack."

"No," said Julius, firmly. "I am sorry for Jack. I wouldn't have gone against him, if there was any other way of saving Paul. Paul had been kind to me when I needed it. What did Jack ever do for me? We lived together when he was out of prison, but it was I that brought him all my earnings. I paid my own way and more, too, even when I was a boy of eight. I owe Jack nothing. But I am sorry for him all the same. I wish he could get free."

"And what about me?" asked Marlowe, sneeringly
"Are you glad I am free?"

"No, I'm not," said Julius, boldly. "I never liked you as well as Jack. He's bad enough, but you're worse. Though he didn't take care of me, he was generally kind to me. Even if I owe him something, I owe you nothing."

"But I owe you something, my chicken," said Marlowe, between his teeth. "Do you know why I am here? No? Well, I'll tell you. I met Ned Sanders soon after I got out, and he told me the trick you played on him. I found out from him that you had come out West, and that's why I came here. I hadn't forgotten who sent me up. I swore, at the time, I'd be revenged, and now I've got the chance."

The man looked so malicious—so possessed by the spirit of evil—that Julius could not help shuddering as he met his baleful gaze.

"What do you mean to do to me?" he asked, feeling helpless, as he realized that in spite of his increased strength he was no match for the stalwart ruffian.

"I mean to kill you," said Marlowe, fiercely.

Julius shuddered, as well he might; but he answered: "If you do, your own life will be in danger."

"What do you mean?" quickly asked Marlowe, taking it as a threat.

"You will be hung."

"They must catch me first," said he, coolly. "But first

you must answer me a question. How much money have you?"

"I can't tell without counting."

"Don't dare to trifle with me, boy!"

"I am telling you the truth."

It may be mentioned that, apart from his personal apprehension, Julius was anxious about his money. He had in a wallet six hundred dollars belonging to Mr. Taylor, which he had collected in various places. He was ambitious to justify his benefactor's confidence, and carry it to him in safety; but Marlowe threatened to take both the money and his life. He was only a boy, but emergencies make men out of boys. He had been provided by Mr. Taylor with a revolver, not with any supposition that he would need it, but as a safeguard in case robbery should be attempted on the road. He had forgotten to put it under his pillow, but it was in the pocket of his coat, and that coat was hanging over a chair on the opposite side of the bed from that on which Marlowe was standing. He could only obtain possession of it by stratagem.

"Give me your money," said Marlowe, fiercely.

"Then spare my life," said Julius, assuming a tone of entreaty.

"I cannot promise," said Marlowe; "but I will assuredly kill you at once unless you give me the money."

"Then wait till I get it for you," said Julius.

He jumped out of bed, Marlowe suspecting nothing, and put his hand in the pocket of his coat. He drew out, not a pocketbook, but the revolver, which he deliberately pointed at Marlowe.

"Dan Marlowe," he said, quietly, "you are stronger than I, but this pistol is loaded, and I know how to use it. Come toward me, and I fire."

"Confusion!" exclaimed the burglar, furiously, and his impulse was to spring upon Julius. But there was something in the boy's resolute tone which made him pause.

"He wouldn't be so cool if it wasn't loaded," he thought.

A doubt in the mind of Julius was solved. Marlowe had no pistol, or he would have produced it. Disagreeable as it was, the burglar stopped to parley. He could postpone his revenge, and only exact money now.

"Put up your pistol," he said. "I only wanted to frighten you a bit. You've done me a bad turn, and you owe me some return. Give me all the money you have with you, and I'll say quits."

"I can't do that," said Julius, "for the money isn't mine."

"Whose is it?"

"It belongs to my guardian."

"Is he rich?"

"Yes."

"Then he can spare it. Tell him it was stolen from you."

"I shall do no such thing," said Julius, firmly. "It hasn't been stolen yet, and won't be, as I believe."

"We'll see about that," said Marlowe, furiously, making a dash toward our hero.

"Hold!" shouted Julius. "One step farther and I fire."

There is a popular impression that men of violence are brave; but it is a mistaken one. Marlowe had not the nerve to carry out his threat, while covered by a pistol in the hands of a resolute antagonist. There was another reason also. The partitions were thin, and the noise had aroused the gentleman sleeping in No. 9. He came out into the entry, and knocked at the door of No. 8.

"Put up your pistol, boy," said Marlowe, hurriedly, "and I will open the door."

Julius did not put it up, but hastily concealed it, and the door was opened.

The visitor was an elderly man in his nightclothes.

"How do you expect a man to sleep?" he said, peevishly, "when you are making such an infernal noise?"

"I beg your pardon," said Marlowe, politely, "but I am just leaving my friend here, and shall retire at once. You won't hear any more noise."

"It is time it stopped," said the visitor, not quite appeased. "Why, it's after midnight!"

"Is it, really?" said Marlowe. "I did not think it so late. Good-night, Julius."

"Good-night," said our hero.

The visitor retired, and so did Marlowe. But Julius, distrusting his neighbor, not only locked, but barricaded the door, and put the revolver under his pillow. But he had no further visit from Marlowe. The latter, for prudential reasons, postponed the revenge which he still meant to take.

In the morning Julius looked for his enemy, but he was nowhere to be seen. Inquiring in a guarded way, he ascertained that Marlowe had taken an early breakfast and had gone away. It might be that he feared Julius would cause his arrest. At any rate, he was gone.

Julius never saw him again, but read in a newspaper, not long afterward, the closing incidents in the career of this dangerous ruffian. He made his way to Milwaukee, and resumed his old business. While engaged in entering a house by night, he was shot dead by the master of the house, who had heard him enter. It was a fitting end to a misspent life. From a boy he had warred against society, and now he had fallen at the hands of one of his intended victims.

* * * * *

But little remains to be told—too little for a separate

chapter. Julius has redeemed the promise of his youth, and now in his early manhood possesses the respect and attachment, not only of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, but of all who know him. His real estate speculation has turned out favorably. The property for which he paid fifteen hundred dollars is now worth three times that sum, owing to the rapid growth and increasing population of Brookville; but as it is likely to become still more valuable, he has decided not to sell yet. He has repaid Mr. Taylor the amount of the mortgage out of his earnings, and is now sole proprietor. He has assumed the management of Mr. Taylor's large farm, and is likely in time to grow rich. It is reported that he is engaged to be married to a niece of Mrs. Taylor, who recently came from the East to visit her aunt; and it is not unlikely that the report is true. Though he can boast no proud lineage, and is even indebted to strangers for a name, the Taylors feel that the good qualities which he possesses will compensate for these deficiencies.

He has once visited New York. Last year he went to the East on business for Mr. Taylor, and sought out some of his old haunts. Among other places, he visited the Newsboys' Lodging House, and, at the request of Mr. O'Connor, made a short speech to the boys, a portion of which will conclude this story:

"Boys," he said, "it is but a few years since I was drifting about the streets like you, making my living

by selling papers and blacking boots, ragged, and with a dreary prospect before me. I used to swear and lie, I remember very well, as I know many of you do. If I had stayed in the city I might be no better off now. But in a lucky moment I was induced by Mr. O'Connor to go West. There I found kind friends and a good home, and had a chance to secure a good education. Now I carry on a large farm for my benefactor, and second father, as I consider him, and I hope in time to become rich. I tell you, boys, it will pay you to leave the city streets and go out West. You may not be as lucky as I have been in finding rich friends, but it will be your own fault if you don't get along. There are plenty of homes waiting to receive you, and plenty of work for you to do. If you want to prosper and grow up respectable, I advise you to come out as soon as you get the chance."

THE END.

MISS-SENT LETTERS.

PART I.

“HARRY,” said his mother, putting her head in at the schoolroom door. It was holidays, and the boys were at home, spending a good deal of their time in the schoolroom with their sisters. For it was winter—and *not* freezing. There was no skating and nothing much to tempt one out of doors. “Harry, there is a letter on the hall table addressed to Mrs. Merchiston at 23, Hexford *Place*, instead of Hexford Crescent. I know who Mrs. Merchiston is, though we have never called on each other. And her letters have been left here by the postman before this, by mistake. I suppose, strictly speaking, one should give this letter back to him, but it looks like a foreign one, and I know she has sons abroad. So put on your cap and

run round with it at once to Hexford Crescent. It is only friendly to do so."

"Ye—es," said Harry. He was deep in a story-book—a book of thrilling adventures, one of his Christmas presents. "Ye—es, mother."

"Do you hear what I say?" said his mother doubtfully. "I want you to take that letter *at once* to 23, Hexford Crescent."

"I hear," said Harry, "23, Hexford Crescent—same number as this. All right, mamma."

It *sounded* all right, so his mother, who was in a hurry, hastened off, feeling that she had done her duty.

But Harry, plunged into his book again as soon as he had roused himself enough to answer his mother satisfactorily, thought no more of the letter and his promise.

He might have remembered in passing through the hall had the letter still been visible there. But, unfortunately, the newspaper had been thrown down on top of it, and in lifting the newspaper the thin letter got shoved aside. And for the rest of the day there it lay—as well hidden as if it had been done on pur-

pose, just behind the small gong-stand, which stood far back on the table.

Harry's mother did not come home to luncheon that day. She was very busy. Christmas is always a busy time for everybody, especially for those who think of others as well as themselves and their own families. And Mrs. Lockhart was one of these. She was very tired when she got home that afternoon, and it was already dark. Still as she passed the hall-table the miss-sent letter came back to her mind. Something she had heard that day made her think of it more than once. No, it was not there. Harry had taken it to its proper destination, no doubt.

The children were due at a juvenile party that evening. They were already dressing to go when Mrs. Lockhart came in. She went upstairs to her own room to rest a little before dinner, as she did not want her husband and grown-up son and daughter to say she was "*too* tired." And Harry and Dick were late as usual. She heard Conny begging them to be quick, the carriage was waiting—so she only

opened her door to call out, "Good evening, my dears. I hope you will enjoy yourselves," as the four rushed downstairs, and a moment after the sound of a carriage door shutting sharply and the wheels rolling away told her they were off.

She *was* very tired that evening—"too tired," I am afraid. And they all begged her to go to bed early—Isabel promising to see that the younger ones were all right when they came back from their party.

So it was not till the next morning at breakfast that Mrs. Lockhart saw Harry again. She turned to him, after hearing all about the party the evening before, with a smile.

"One of my poor people told me a little story yesterday, Harry, which made me think of you and the effort it cost you to look up from your book when I gave you that letter to take to its proper destination."

Harry started.

"That letter, mamma," he repeated mechanically, "the letter I——" and he looked up very confusedly, growing very red.

"Yes, of course," said his mother, "the letter for Mrs. Merchiston in Hexford Crescent. You took it at once, did you not? I looked for it when I came in, just *in case* you had forgotten, but it was not on the table."

In her secret heart she began to fear that Harry had not taken it "at once," and that the knowledge of this was making him ashamed. But she never dreamt of the truth—that he had not taken it *at all*.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed the boy, starting up. "I'm dreadfully, terribly sorry. But I quite forgot about it. I'll run with it now this very moment and explain that it was my fault."

"Oh, Harry!" said Mrs. Lockhart, reproachfully. But Harry was already out in the hall.

Only to return the next moment, however, with a still more distressed face—the letter was not to be seen! He had searched "everywhere"—quick work his "searching everywhere" must have been—but it was nowhere to be found—it had disappeared!

Then came a ringing of bells and inquiries of

the servants as to whether any of them knew anything about the letter, hopes being at first expressed that the footman might have given it back to the postman, or that the butler might have "sent it round" to Hexford Crescent. But no—nobody had done anything with it, nobody even had seen it except the girl who had been cleaning the steps the day before when the postman left the early morning letters, and had taken them from him instead of his dropping them into the box. She was rather a quick girl, and she did remember a thin envelope which had a strange name on it. And then Mrs. Lockhart herself had seen the letter. Its having been there was no dream.

Where had it gone?

Then came a triumphant cry from Conny.

"I've found it; here behind the gong-stand—the *little* gong-stand on the table," and she ran forward, waving the letter in her hand.

Mrs. Lockhart took it quickly and held it out to Harry.

"Run with it at once," she said. "And—do not merely ring and drop it into the box, but

wait till the door is opened and explain to Mrs. Merchiston's servant why it has been delayed."

She looked grave and spoke seriously. She had two reasons for her last charge to Harry. She knew he would feel ashamed at having to tell of his own carelessness, and she hoped this would be good for him. And she had a strange presentiment that the letter was of great importance—she felt anxious to hear something about it.

So, though the rest of the party thought all was right now that the letter was found, Mrs. Lockhart herself seemed anxious and uneasy.

PART II.

HARRY ran all the way to Hexford Crescent. For though he did not at all like what he had to do, he was in the main a good, conscientious boy, and he knew he should feel very sorry if his forgetfulness had done any harm.

Besides, if one *has* a disagreeable task to do it is a very good plan to do it quickly and get it over.

He got to Mrs. Merchiston's in two minutes, for it was quite near. Being a crescent there was only one side—the numbers went straight on—odd and even together—so some little way before he reached the actual house, Harry knew pretty well whereabouts it was.

"Dear me," he said to himself, "I wonder if it is there where that hansom is standing, with luggage on? They must be going away," and he hastened his steps, though he was already running. Something of his mother's presen-

timent seemed to come into him, and he felt a strange nervous anxiety which, joined to the running, made his heart beat faster than he almost ever remembered it beating before.

Yes—the cab *was* standing in front of “23.”

He had no need to ring—at least not for the purpose of having the door opened, for it was standing as wide open as it could be, and there were rolls of travelling rugs and bags just inside, waiting to be carried out.

But for a moment or two nobody was to be seen, and after an instant's hesitation, Harry rang the bell. Before it had left off sounding, a little girl ran out from a room at the end of the passage. That she was a little lady was to be seen at once, even though she came forward to the door to see who was there.

“Oh,” she said, as soon as she was near enough to distinguish Harry plainly, “I thought it was the postman again, perhaps,” and her voice sounded very disappointed. And then, looking at her, Harry saw that her eyes were sadly red and swollen, she had evidently been

crying terribly. He felt very sorry for her. She was a little younger than Harry—about twelve or thirteen he thought, and she was a very pretty child, though just now rather disfigured by her tears.

“I am not the postman,” said Harry, “but,” and he tried to smile. He felt so sorry for her and yet so shy, “I have brought you a letter, all the same,” and he held it out.

The little girl took it from him, at first in an indifferent way—she thought it was a note, and she knew no note could bring good news—but when she caught sight of the thin envelope and foreign stamp, she gave a shriek.

“Oh, oh!” she cried, “it’s from Cairo. Wait—wait there a moment,” she called back to Harry, who had begun to explain the whole thing as she rushed off—upstairs, so fast that she almost seemed to fly. “Mamma, mamma,” she panted out, and Harry’s ears, sharpened by excitement, caught the words, “it’s the letter—perhaps you needn’t go—perhaps Phil’s——” but then she must have run into some room, for Harry heard no more.

He stood there for some time—it seemed a long time to him. And why he waited, he scarcely knew, except that the little girl had told him to do so, and also, I think, because, feeling his conscience far from clear about the letter, he was really very anxious to know what was the matter, and if possibly he had, without knowing it, been the bearer of good news. Once or twice he turned and looked down the steps undecidedly. What was the good of waiting any longer? Most likely the little girl had forgotten all about him.

But just as he was making up his mind to go, he heard a rush down the stairs, and in another moment the little girl, her fair hair streaming behind her, her eyes, though still swollen and red of course, yet sparkling and joyous, came flying towards him.

“Oh, please come in,” she said. “Please come up to the drawing-room for a minute. Mamma wants to see you—to ask you about the letter and to thank you for bringing it. I suppose it went to your house by mistake, for it’s got Hexford *Place* on, instead of Hexford

Crescent. You see, Phil couldn't write himself, though he's *so* much better. Oh it's such good news—you don't know! If only it had come yesterday—but any way it's come time enough to stop mamma going."

And so chattering, quite beside herself with delight, little Gladys Merchiston hurried upstairs again, followed more slowly by Harry, whose feelings were very mixed, as you can fancy.

He was thankful to hear that he had brought good news, very ashamed to think that but for his carelessness these poor things might have had it yesterday, and very curious indeed to know more—who was Phil and what was the matter with him, and where was the little girl's mother going, and why?

He found himself in the drawing-room before he had half finished thinking over these questions. And then came back the shame and pain of learning all the sorrow his carelessness had caused, and still worse of having to explain that instead of deserving *thanks* he really had to ask for forgiveness.

There were three ladies in the room—one in black whom Gladys called “Mamma,” and two other girls older than his first acquaintance. And before he could stop them they all began thanking him, and Mrs. Merchiston hastened to explain that the letter was from a brother officer of her second son, Philip, who was very ill at Cairo. They had known he was ill, but the friend had promised to write by the next mail, by which time he hoped the worst of the attack would be over.

“And the letter was due at latest yesterday morning,” Mrs. Merchiston went on. “I was terribly anxious when it did not come then, but waited for the later posts. When nothing came up to the last post, I made up my mind to go down to Southampton, where my eldest son is—he is a clergyman—and to arrange with him about starting for Cairo. I could bear the suspense no longer. But the girls persuaded me to wait till this morning in hopes of the letter coming. There was none, as you know, and I was just leaving when you came like a good angel. For the news is excellent. Philip is

going on *very well*, and hopes to be home in a month. You are Master Lockhart, are you not? I know your kind mother a little—my letters have gone to your house once or twice before. Hexford *Place* is so much better known than our little Crescent.” For the houses where the Lockharts lived were much larger and grander than the Merchistons’. “Poor Phil’s friend must have thought we lived there. It was like Mrs. Lockhart to send it at once—you will tell her all it has saved us.”

Harry murmured something—then he grew very red and resolved to get it over. Big boy as he was, the tears were not far off before he blurted it all out.

But how kind they were! They were too happy and thankful to blame him. And I think that he got *more* and more sorry, the kinder they grew.

He went home rather more slowly than he had come, though quickly still, he was eager to tell his mother all about it. She kissed him when he had finished, saying gently, “I am sure it will make you more thoughtful, my boy.

And I shall be very pleased for you to go again and see the Merchistons, as they so kindly asked you. I do hope the son will soon be quite well."

Harry was leaving the room when he turned back again.

"What was it you were going to tell us, mamma, at breakfast this morning—a little story that reminded you of the letter, you said?"

"Oh, yes," his mother replied. "I will tell it you at tea-time. It was about another miss-sent letter."

PART III.

HARRY LOCKHART'S *mother* had not a bad memory ; she never forgot any promise she had made. So when the children were all at tea in the schoolroom that afternoon, the door opened and "mamma" appeared.

Up jumped the boys—there was a rush between Dick and Harry as to which would get a chair for the welcome visitor first, and Conny, who was pouring out tea, begged her mother to have "one cup of ours, even if you do have it afterwards in the drawing-room."

And then Mrs. Lockhart told her little story.

"You remember Mrs. Dear, Conny," she said, "one of the old women I go to see. I took you there with me once, I think?"

"Oh, yes, mamma, I remember her quite well. She lives in one of those great model buildings, as they are called, doesn't she? And her room

was so clean and nice and she herself such an old dear. I remember saying how well her name suited her."

"Yes—it does," replied Mrs. Lockhart. "She is a very dear, good old woman, and I am sure you will think so more than ever after you have heard my story. Last week when I went to see her as usual, I found her looking rather worried.

"‘What is the matter, Mrs. Dear?’ I said. ‘No bad news, I hope?’ for I saw that she had a letter in her hand, and I know that letters are a great event in her life. She has only one living relation, at least only one near enough to write to her.

"‘Oh no, my lady, thank you kindly for asking, all the same,’ she said—Do you remember, Conny, that Mrs. Dear always says ‘My lady’? —“oh, no, my lady, I’ve very good news of brother and his fam’ly, thank you. No, it’s no trouble of my own that’s rather on my mind to-day. It’s about this letter,’ and she held it out to me to look at, saying as she did so, ‘Now ma’am, how would you read that address?’

"I glanced at it.

" 'MRS. M. DEAR,
No. 6, D. Block,
Charters' Buildings,
East Whittington Street'—

"I said.

"Mrs. Dear seemed pleased.

" 'There now—that's just as I said, though I'm not much of a scholard like you, my lady. But will you please look at it again—you'll see it isn't really meant for me. This is No. 6, sure enough, but it isn't "D" Block—and the "Mrs." isn't "Mrs." at all, but "*Miss*." No, I've took it to my neighbor Mrs. Grimby, and her son, as is high up at school, says it's "Miss M. *Dean*," not "Dear," at all.'

"I looked at it more closely. Yes, I saw she was right. It was evidently 'Miss M. Dean.'

" 'But you mustn't mind about it, Mrs. Dear,' I said, for I saw that the letter was open and I thought she was vexing herself on that account, 'no one could blame you for having opened it.'

“She looked up quite innocently : such an idea never occurred to her.

“ ‘Oh no, my lady, it’s not that I’m troubling after,’ she said. ‘It’s fearing the poor things will be so put about at not getting the letter,’ and then she went on to tell me what it was about. For the Grimby boy had read it out to her; by herself, poor dear, I don’t think she could have made much sense of it. It was a letter from a lady to engage a girl or young woman as nurse—the lady said she had had a good account of her, but that the nurse must answer *at once*, as there was another person applying for the situation, who would suit very well also, and who could come immediately. ‘So,’ said the letter, ‘If I do not hear from you at once, I shall engage the other, as I cannot run the risk of losing her.’

“I agreed with Mrs. Dear that it was a pity.

“ ‘But why don’t you give it back to the postman and tell him to take it to the right place?’ I said.

“My old woman shook her head.

“ ‘I misdoubt me the poor thing wouldn’t

get it in time if I did that. The postmen don't trouble overmuch about letters for the Buildings, and even if he did his best, it'd take a deal of time to ax at all the Blocks for Miss Dean. No, I'm right down worried-like about it. If I could go round myself, now.'

"'No, indeed, Mrs. Dear,' I said, 'you mustn't think of such a thing. It's raining hard and it's very cold—and you with your rheumatism.' And then as it was getting late and I had to hurry home, I left her. And I thought no more about it—

"Till yesterday—and then when I went to see Mrs. Dear, I found her in bed. She had had a sharpish attack of rheumatism, but she assured me it was much better, and I must say she seemed in very good spirits—very cheery indeed.

"'But how did you catch cold?' I asked her. 'When I saw you last week you were very well.'

"The poor old body looked very guilty. Then at last it came out.

"'I can't deceive you, my lady,' she said,

‘and that’s the truth of it. I didn’t do as you told me, and you must forgive me. After you had gone that day I just sat worriting and worriting about that poor girl and the letter. And at last—it wasn’t raining so bad by then—I could bear it no longer. And I puts on my pattens and my cloak and I takes my umbrella and off I goes. I made pretty near the round of the Buildings, I can tell you, my lady, afore I found ’em, but I wasn’t goin’ to be beaten. I’m like that, my lady, once I’m started on a thing. And I *did* find ’em—Deanses, I mean. They’ve not been long here, and such respectable people, my lady. Father’s dead and this Mary’s the eldest girl, and so keen to get a good place. She’d been cryin’, my lady, she had indeed, at no letter comin’, as she’d been hopin’ for all day. And they was that pleased and obleeged! Roomatics or no roomatics, says I to myself, I’m glad I done it. Only, my lady, I’d have been still gladder for you not to find me laid up, for I did catch cold that day, I’m afraid. But you must forgive me and not think me ungrateful. I’ll be up and about as

hearty as ever in a day or two, no fear. And Mrs. Dean's so good to me—never a morning but what she looks in to see how I'm a gettin' on. I've not felt so friendly-like with no one since I come to London—and that's nigh upon forty years ago, for it's goin' on for twenty since my good husband died. It is that, my lady.'

"So you see, children, I could understand why poor old Dear was in such good spirits in spite of her rheumatism. She had the reward of a good conscience—and she has also what one doesn't always get in this world, the warm gratitude of those she befriended."

The children had listened with interest. And when his mother left off speaking Harry looked up with a rather comical smile.

"I think I've got a reward I certainly *didn't* deserve, mamma. For I'm sure Mrs. Merchiston wants me to be great friends with them all, and I can see they're awfully nice. She said I must go to see Captain Philip Merchiston as soon as ever he arrives, and tell him all about the mis-sent letter."

A. L. Burt's Catalogue of Books for Young People by Popular Writers, 52-58 Duane Street, New York ♣ ♣ ♣

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HORATIO ALGER, JR. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, price \$1.00.

The story is chock full of stirring incidents, while the amusing situations are furnished by Joshua Bickford, from Pumpkin Eollow, and the fellow who modestly styles himself the "Rip-tail Roarer, from Pike Co., Missouri." Mr. Alger never writes a poor book, and "Joe's Luck" is certainly one of his best.

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Dan Mordaunt and his mother live in a poor tenement, and the lad is pluckily trying to make ends meet by selling papers in the streets of New York. A little heiress of six years is confided to the care of the Mordaunts. The child is kidnapped and Dan tracks the child to the house where she is hidden, and rescues her. The wealthy aunt of the little heiress is so delighted with Dan's courage and many good qualities that she adopts him as her heir.

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Tony, a sturdy bright-eyed boy of fourteen, is under the control of Rudolph Rugg, a thorough rascal. After much abuse Tony runs away and gets a job as stable boy in a country hotel. Tony is heir to a large estate. Rudolph for a consideration hunts up Tony and throws him down a deep well. Of course Tony escapes from the fate provided for him, and by a brave act, a rich friend secures his rights and Tony is prosperous. A very entertaining book.

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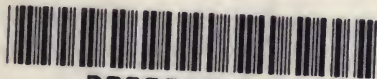
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